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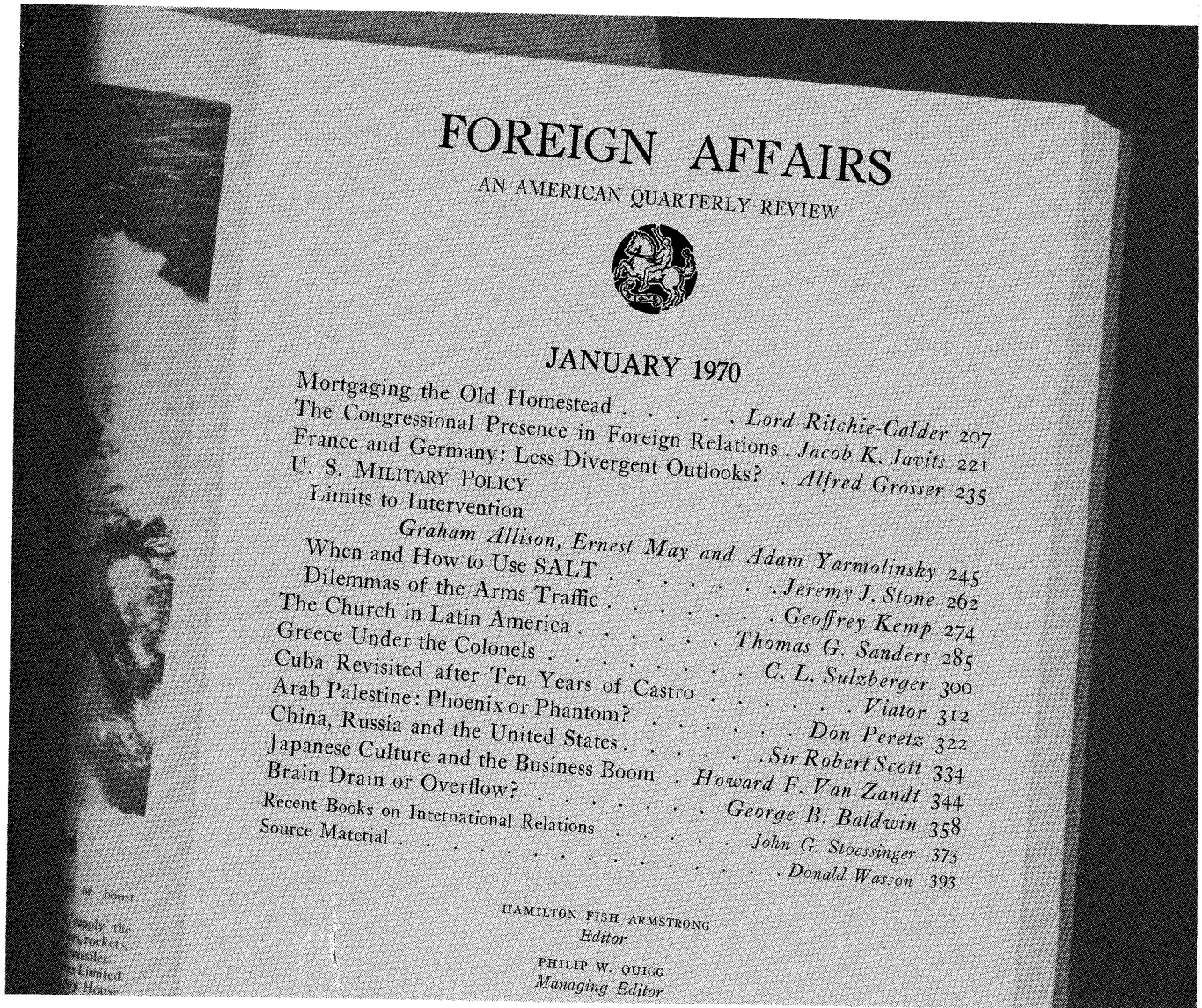
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Directions. Conversation with Malcolm Muggeridge; Two Songs in Dance; Changing Face of London's East End; The Long Prayer of Abraham Rattner. Sundays, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25 (1-1:30 pm).

Wild Kingdom. Experiment on the Ocean Floor; Wolf Pack; Voyage of the Golden Dolphin; Rulers of the Kalahari. Sundays, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25 (7-7:30 pm).

The West of Charles Russell. Project 20—A fresh look at the cowboy-painter of Western life. Wednesday, Jan. 7 (10-11 pm).

A Last Laugh at the Sixties. Humor that expressed the decade, with Bob Newhart, Godfrey Cambridge, Dick Benjamin, Don Rickles, Mort Sahl, The Committee. Thursday, Jan. 8 (9-10 pm).

Dinner at Howard K. Smith's. ABC correspondents Frank Reynolds, John Scali, Bill Lawrence and others review events of 1969 and discuss prospects for 1970. Thursday, Jan. 8 (10-11 pm).

The Golden Age of the Automobile. Development of auto industry from horseless carriage to today. Tuesday, Jan. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Wall of Respect. Who, What, When, Where, Why—The wall in a Chicago ghetto where protesters, revolutionaries, etc. graphically display their grievances. Tuesday, Jan. 13 (10-10:30 pm).

Married Alive. Prudential's On Stage—Canadian returns to England to claim his place and his wife. Starring Robert Culp and Diana Rigg. Friday, Jan. 23 (10-11 pm).

The Mirror and The Mirage. Study of contemporary artist Graham Sutherland, the man and his art. Sunday, Jan. 25 (4-5 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Centennial of The Greatest Show on Earth. Tuesday, Jan. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Decline and Fall of the Public School. Study of financial crisis in public school systems. Tuesday, Jan. 27 (10-11 pm).

Lowell Thomas in New Guinea: Patrol Into The Unknown. Twin expeditions into a primitive country. Thursday, Jan. 29 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The World of the Beaver. The life of a beaver from birth through maturity. Friday, Jan. 30 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Children's Festival at Lincoln Center. American Rainbow—Behind the scenes at cultural center, with Lorne Greene, Julie Harris. Saturday, Jan. 31 (11:30 am-12:30 pm).

New Year's Events, January 1 Sugar Bowl Parade (11 am). Tournament of Roses Parade (11:30 am & 1:30 pm). Sugar Bowl football (1:30 pm). Cotton Bowl football (1:45 pm). Rose Bowl football (4:45 pm). Orange Bowl football (7:45 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports/G-E College Bowl

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Guideline/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

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Black Feud

The Nixon Administration's alienation from the Negroes is becoming dangerous for everybody. There seems no end to it. When a reporter from *The NY Times* asked Attorney General Mitchell about Negro leaders' failure to support the Administration last week, he exploded from his "usual controlled dispassionate manner": "What the hell do you expect them to do? They just have another constituency which is the Democratic Party."

When rage and political despair are narrowed into the irrational separatism of the Black Panthers, anybody can see the danger of racial conflict. But the situation is worse than this, for here is the GOP on one side and the largest racial minority in the nation on the other and they are hardly on speaking terms. Our loose political parties are supposed to bridge such frightening gaps, but the system isn't working; polarization could hardly go further.

In 1952 Ike got 21 percent of Negro votes, and 39 percent four years later. Mr. Nixon got 32 percent in 1960. Then it dropped to 6 percent for Barry Goldwater. It was 12 percent in 1968 after Mr. Nixon picked Spiro Agnew, wooed Strom Thurmond, and emphasized "law and order" (code word for "repression" in Harlem's vocabulary). The alienation seems worse today. The rosy campaign promise of tax incentives to get private industry into the ghetto is all but forgotten. The head of a key Administration black capitalism program has just resigned and, according to the Associated Press, a fifth of the professional staff of the Office of Minority Business Enterprises may quit.

The Administration is trying to blast open the white, monopolistic Philadelphia building unions to get more Negro apprentices admitted. But that hardly erases the memory of the man who buried his head in his hands in the court battle for school desegregation in Jackson, Miss. It was a veteran Justice Department lawyer in the civil rights division. He had worked beside Negro plaintiffs for years in the uphill struggle. On August 25th he saw the Justice Department reverse its position in federal court and throw its weight behind a slowdown, ending a 15-year partnership with the NAACP legal defense fund. He bowed his head; it ended an era. The policy was ordered by Mitchell, carried out by Jerris Leonard, and promptly thrown out by a unanimous Supreme Court, headed by Mr. Nixon's new Chief Justice, Warren Burger.

In the 1968 campaign Candidate Nixon wobbled. He said he would support the Supreme Court's 1954 school decision but, in the same breath, said he opposed withholding funds to carry it out: the most effective enforcement instrument ever devised. The Administration has followed the Southern strategy. The record speaks for itself. The US Civil Rights Commission under Father Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, branded the Administration's school policy a "major retreat." It was unanimous.

Mitchell is now trying to substitute a watered-down version for the tough 1965 Voting Rights Act, Magna Charta of Negro enfranchisement, which expires in 1970. Northern Republicans are aghast. Sixty-five of 74 lawyers in the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division in an extraordinary revolt demanded reassurances of good faith.

Partly it is tactlessness. Mr. Nixon's statement, for instance, that he would follow a middle course between "two extremes," between instant desegregation and segregation forever. That sounded like a middle course between the two extremes, St. Peter and the devil. "The Administration is really asking for trouble," said Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., wonderingly, last fall, when she heard.

Ten Percent

Like it or not one American in 10 is nonwhite. It is dangerous folly, not merely for the party involved but for the country as a whole, to let 22 million Negroes be polarized into on political party. Special condition threaten to make the problem acute Two statistics might be noted: blac income has remained relatively con stant to white income since 1950 - it is just slightly more than half. An the ratio of unemployment, too - Negro unemployment has been con sistently double that of whites. I neither case do the gaps seem to b lessening; soon they may widen ever further.

Close these gaps or the alternative i apt to be the Black Panthers. Stanford's Richard Young says the young Negro of the '60s is a new type – "he differs little in his basic personality from white Americans"; he is "assertive, defiant, courageous and impatient"; "Americans tend to react to problems swiftly, forcefully and courageously, if not always wisely and carefully." Reverse the situation; that is how young whites would react.

With federal aid, Negroes since the 1950s have achieved some political power, got ankle-deep in the mainstream of the American economy, and won self-respect. They don't want Black Panthers' separatism; they want in – they are trying to get social-political equality. But ghetto schools continue to turn out young blacks who are functionally illiterate no matter how many years they study. Unskilled labor is last hired, fired first.

And now there is a new element; put simply, the country is headed for a self-induced business slowdown, engineered by the Administration to fight inflation. The economic staff of the 22-nation OEC in Paris interprets this as a US recession, with unemployment of "4.5 percent or above." Well let's say five percent. Double the average for Negroes, that's 10 percent; and for teen-agers lounging on ghetto corners make it 30 percent, or even higher.

The Administration seems to feel that the country won't support massive new poverty programs, and that voters have turned against the Negroes anyway; if there's trouble Mitchell will know how to handle it. It's a rather terrifying prospect for a nation that Mr. Nixon was going to bring together. America faces threats abroad and at home, the Eisenhower Commission on Violence just reported. It added laconically: "The graver threats today are internal."

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Testing the System In the '70s

Henry Adams, who was something of an effete snob and had no taste for popular government after spending 50 years in Washington, looked about him and wrote: "The political dilemma was as clear in 1870 as it was likely to be in 1970. . . . Nine tenths of men's political energies must henceforth be wasted on expedients to piece out – to patch – or, in vulgar language, to tinker – the political machine as often as it broke down. Such a system, or want of system, might last centuries, if tempered by an occasional revolution or civil war; but as a machine, it was, or soon would be, the poorest in the world – the clumsiest – the most inefficient." The prophecy was too gloomy. The nation went on to survive wars, depressions, corruptions, and without revolutions. The "system," patchy as it is, has been extraordinarily resourceful; the people have prospered; and they have kept their liberties more often than not. But our national self-assurance falters on the threshold of this new decade. We enter it fearfully, divided by race and by generation. We are waist deep in a degrading war. And although we are more proficient than ever at making and earning, our wealth is not satisfying our needs. We can be sure that the '70s will see a heightened, more bitter debate over what is called the misallocation of resources. The outcome of that debate will answer, in large measure, whether the pessimism of Henry Adams was justified.

The forecasts are of more tinkering, more patching, rather than of a radical revision of priorities. Judging from last year's performance, the politicians will continue debating whether domestic welfare is to be kept on half or quarter rations. That debate is not even about inflation, because a "swing" of a few billions of dollars in the federal budget has little impact nowadays, in an economy that is close to being worth a trillion a year. If budgetary arguments are taken at their face value just for a moment, then on this low monetary reckoning, the obvious remedy for "inflation" is to slash military spending. By one conservative calculation, this could be done to the tune of $10.8 billion, without danger to national security. By another, the cut could be as much as $27 billion. But it is not in anything like these terms that the Tweedledum-Tweedledee political debates are being conducted. A Democratic Congress has just overwhelmingly approved a $70-billion military budget, under $6 billion less than Mr. Nixon and the Secretary of Defense asked, and for this firm stand now seeks

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congratulations. The Democratic Party's national chairman, Senator Fred Harris, said last week that he is seeking a confrontation with the Administration over "national priorities." Is he? He could get it quick enough, by demanding a pullout from Vietnam, now. But all the Senator was proposing was a bit more money for schools and cleaner air.

Why can't the Democrats get deeper under the skin? For one reason, because, though they control Congress numerically, they are wholly at the mercy of their aged, rigid committee leadership. Under the seniority system, 15 committee chairmen – 9 in the House and 6 in the Senate – are over 70 and some of them are over 80. These septuagenarians' considerable power is due solely to longevity. Their most notable common characteristic is contempt for the opinions of anybody who has not been elected as often as they. They are the men who are nursed by the lobbyists as carefully as if they were orchids in a hothouse; they are also the men who each year hand out billions of tax dollars to rich farmers, millionaire oilmen and other favorites. Meanwhile they restrain spending on housing, welfare, pollution, mass transit, health and education, on the score of economy, financial prudence and balancing the budget in the national interest. *Their* chief interest, however, has been and remains the expansion of military power, to the point where this country has 3,500,000 men in uniform, 1,500,000 overseas. In a remarkable exercise of power in late December, Democratic leaders in the House Appropriations Committee pushed barefacedly for $52.5 million for war planes for Chiang Kai-shek, without bothering to inform the Bureau of the Budget, and against the wishes of Mr. Nixon, Secretary of State Rogers and apparently the Defense Secretary. What the military-industrial complex and its friends want, they shove to get, in defiance of foreign policy considerations, public needs, the authorizing committees of Congress, and the President of the United States. Here's where national priorities have gone askew, where the political machine has broken down. Here's why there's inflation and why so many have so little hope "the system" can see us safely through the '70s. Who and how many in this new decade will have courage to blow the whistle on the old warriors on top?

COMING: report from Chicago by Christopher Chandler on who's to blame for the Black Panther killings

The Right to Vote

The most uncompromising and effective piece of federal civil rights legislation since Reconstruction is the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Under it, some 800,000 Negro voters have been registered in the South, and in direct consequence, numerous Negroes have been elected to local office. Overall figures on nonwhite registration have topped 50 percent in every Deep South state (just barely in South Carolina). They are nevertheless still tens of percentage points below white registration figures, and under 50 percent in many dozens of particular counties and parishes.

The Voting Rights Act of '65 dealt with the Southern habit of keeping the black vote down by providing in Section V that no state, county or parish to which it applies may put into effect any new voting qualification, procedure or practice without having first secured the permission either of the Attorney General of the United States, or of the US District Court in the District of Columbia. Permission can be granted only if the new qualification, procedure or practice doesn't deny or abridge "the right to vote on account of race or color."

What this has meant is illustrated by *Allen v. State Board of Elections*, a case decided by the Supreme Court last spring. A Mississippi statute had allowed county boards of supervisors to be elected at-large rather than by district, thus effectively preventing the election of Negroes. Another Mississippi statute, applicable only to 11 named counties, had made the office of superintendent of schools appointive, rather than elective. Still another Mississippi law imposed restrictive requirements for independent candidacies. The Supreme Court held that all these procedures fell within Section V of the Act and could not be instituted without having first been found to be nondiscriminatory either by the Court in Washington, or by the Attorney General.

The Voting Rights Act applies almost exclusively to the Deep South and some North Carolina counties; it does this by means of an "automatic trigger" provision that uses voting statistics of the 1964 election. In this region, the Act outlaws literacy tests and other voter-qualification devices. But it likewise provides that any state, county or parish so covered, may get out from under by satisfying the District Court for District of Columbia that, for five years, it has not used any test or device to discriminate against black voters. Thus, as of August 1970, five years from the effective date of the '65 Act, states and counties to which it has applied, having proved that they have not used the proscribed tests and devices, may reinstitute all sorts of new and old discriminatory practices, which would otherwise have been subject to check under Section V. To prevent this kind of thing

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rom happening, all that is necessary would be o extend from five to ten years the period during vhich a state or county wishing to be withdrawn from overage by the Act must show it has behaved. That is he sensible thing to do. But by a narrow margin, the House has just refused to do it. Instead, it has adopted in Administration bill which would permanently abolish literacy tests and other voter-qualification devices throughout the nation, abolish also state residence requirements in Presidential elections, *and* repeal Section V of the 1965 Act, thus freeing the Southern states to act pretty much as they wish, subject only to the authority of the Attorney General to bring suit against them in an appropriate (Southern) district court.

The Administration bill's attempt to abolish across the country, literacy and various minor "good moral character" qualifications on the right to vote may be found appealing. But the bill reflects a more sanguine view of changed attitudes in Southern legislatures and country courthouses than experience would justify. One need only thumb through the US Civil Rights Commission's 1968 report, *Political Participation*, to realize the extent to which an unyielding resistance to Negro voting still pervades many a black belt Southern county. Without Section V of the 1965 Act, free reign will be given to the inventiveness of the old-fashioned Southern politician – Democrat or newly converted Republican. Court suits have never been able to catch up with him in the past. That is why the 1965 Act was written as it was. There is no reason to expect that court suits will be more effective in the future.

When it returns in January, the Senate should reject the Administration bill and pass a simple extension of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, as proposed by Senators Hart, Mathias, Kennedy, Tydings, Javits and Percy, among many others.

For Art's Sake

Congressional backing for the Arts and Humanities Endowments has been lukewarm (last year a Midwestern Republican called them "twaddle"), and few of their backers imagined they would thrive under President Nixon. Now suddenly Nixon has recommended that Congress extend their life for three years, and double their funds. Forty million dollars was the sum proposed, a trifle beside the flow to science and the Pentagon, but a lot for the Endowments. Roger Stevens once estimated that Congress rated science a thousand times more important than the arts; to cut the rate down to 500 would not, in the phrase of Mr. Nixon's announcement, "redress the imbalance" but it would keep alive two young and promising federal enterprises.

The Endowments' money is "supportive rather than primary"; it is designed to "generate other funds," to encourage support "from audiences, generous individuals, corporations and foundations." Also, of course, states. So far each federal dollar has produced three dollars elsewhere, say the promoters. The figure is hard to affirm or deny, but behind it are now four years of effort by the Endowments to cooperate with everybody in sight, an effort sometimes frustratingly productive of resistance to federal interference, sometimes of contempt for Endowment decisions, and sometimes of anger at the small size of Endowment grants. The effort has also, however, made the Endowments the most important new economic force in their depressed area – small monies well spent.

At the moment the Arts and Humanities are in a strange social dilemma. They inherit from their WASPish past a nasty reputation for Culture and Uplift. They receive from their uneasy present an imperative to be Relevant. The big money at the moment is in Relevance, yet Relevance can be as much of a trap as Uplift. Give Relevance half a chance and it will convert the Arts and Humanities into Social Sciences. Much of the White House press release had the flavor of a Social Science document: the "quality of life" was to be improved; the issues were environmental; museums were no longer museums but "exciting centers of educational experience," and so on. The Endowments are intelligently manned and can be expected to resist takeover, but their life won't be easy.

It's a Privilege

Mrs. Constance Poster of New York, recently received a letter from Congressman Donald E. "Buz" Lukens of Ohio asking her to help stop the "small clique of revolutionaries" who control the National Student Association and who work ("cleverly") within the framework of a "respectable" "nonpolitical" student organization "to fan discontent and sedition." The NSA, Rep. Lukens wrote, supports black liberation in America "'by any means necessary'"; has condemned the "'US aggression against the people of Vietnam,'" favors the abolishment of the House Internal Security Committee (HUAC) and supports the admission of Red China to the United Nations. Because of its political activities, Lukens wrote, NSA should be deprived of its tax exemption and it should be investigated by Congress. Lukens wanted Mrs. Poster to make a contribution to a group called Stop-NSA, an ad hoc committee of the Young Americans for

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Freedom, and he wanted her to sign a letter to Rep. Wilbur Mills "respectfully urging" a congressional investigation.

Lukens' letter was standard right-wing propaganda, and it did not impress Mrs. Poster. She was concerned, however, that Lukens had used for his attack on NSA the official letterhead stationery of a member of Congress, and she suspected that the letter had been sent under Lukens' frank at public expense. The franking privilege, under which representatives, senators and the Vice President send official mail postage free may not legally be used for personal or partisan political correspondence.

Lukens' connection with the YAF letter, as it turned out, was quite tenuous. He did not even write the letter himself but merely allowed his name to be used by an organization he admires. The letter was mailed (by the thousand) not from his Washington office but from Houston, Texas. The Young Americans for Freedom, not Lukens, paid the postage. He had not used his franking privilege improperly, but in the light of new Post Office Department policy his circumspection may have been needless. For the Post Office, which once thought itself "required" to police the use of the franking privilege, now regards its use "a matter strictly between the member of Congress and his conscience." Its use or abuse therefore depends solely on the elasticity of the senator's superego.

Franked mail is not free mail. The Post Office gets reimbursed from public funds from a congressional appropriation, which for this fiscal year amounts to $10.2 million – the cost of mailing 178.2 million pieces of official mail.

The new policy in effect nullifies guidelines issued by the Post Office in April last year, which were designed to leave as little doubt as possible about what a legitimate use of the franking privilege is. The rules were complicated, but, simply stated, prohibited use of franking for the private or political purposes of a Member. Under those guidelines, for example, a senator could use his frank to urge citizens to register and vote, but he couldn't use it to advise anyone how to vote. Newsletters reporting a congressman's views on the merits of a piece of legislation were considered frankable, but a photograph of the member printed in a newsletter was to be kept small (no larger than one-fourth of the page on which it appeared), so as not to advertise the man rather than illustrate the text. A loophole in the guidelines, used most conspicuously and often by Rep. John Rarick of Louisiana, allowed mail to be sent under the frank – whether official or not – if it had first been published in the *Congressional Record*, and if the Record was cited in the mailing.

The Post Office itself at times seemed to be using its police powers politically by sending out postage-due notices selectively and at odd moments. Late in 1967, Senator Charles Percy mailed a newsletter to which the Post Office took exception because it contained an over-large photograph of the Senator. Percy maintained at the time that the photo was no bigger than some he had seen in other newsletters. He told the Post Office there was ample precedent for what he had done. The Post Office grudgingly agreed with him and dropped the matter. However, during last year's Presidential campaign, a Hearst reporter on Hubert Humphrey's campaign plane was given the story that Percy owed the Post Office $4000 for postage resulting from the abuse of his franking privilege. Percy considered the story a political smear, complained to the Post Office, and got new assurances that the case was closed.

Senator Robert Griffin got into a similar scrape. In a 1966 newsletter Griffin made an unflattering reference to a comment by Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman (something about ducking questions on rising food prices). The Freeman remark had appeared in the *Congressional Record* before Griffin used it in his newsletter, so the Post Office let the matter ride. But after Griffin began his attacks last year on Justice Fortas, the issue surfaced again. The Post Office informed the Senator that he owed $30,000 in postage. On December 26, 1968, after new discussions with Griffin, the Post Office announced it had stopped dunning Griffin for the money. The next day, burned by suggestions that Democratic officeholders were using alleged franking abuses politically against Republicans, the Post Office sloughed its enforcement function. The franking law, it explained, had given no one power to compel postage payments in abuse cases. The Post Office got its money one way or the other from taxpayers, so it simply decided to harass congressmen no longer. It wrote every member of Congress informing him that in the future he should let his conscience be his guide in deciding what to mail free. Cavalier enforcement gave way to total desuetude of the regulations.

The Post Office now forwards citizens' complaints about misuse of franking to the congressman or senator accused. The Department's general counsel continues to receive some few requests for opinions on proper use of franking, but only a few. Post Office officials refuse to discuss the requests specifically. The Percy and Griffin incidents could not occur today. No one much cares. A bill introduced by Rep. Morris Udall that would set up a House committee to oversee the franking privilege has got nowhere.

George Bush, the Texas congressman, after the appropriate soul-searching, published in his most recent newsletter a full-page photograph of himself. Complaints sent to the Post Office will be forwarded to Mr. Bush.

David Sanford

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The Nixon Watch

Doubts About Vietnamization

With ever more urgency and ever less hope, the Administration is trying to get across to Hanoi the message that it will pay – it will *really* pay – to negotiate a settlement of the Vietnam war. The President brought himself to say at his press conference on December 8 that if Hanoi continues to refuse to respond to the message from Washington, it will in a distant future find the Saigon government a harder bargainer that it would find the United States now. His Secretaries of State and Defense and, behind a cloak of anonymity imposed by the White House, his staff adviser on foreign affairs, Henry A. Kissinger, strive in every way they can think of to put across the same message. They know from what they call the "feed-backs" that they get through various diplomatic channels, including Moscow, that the Hanoi government hears the message. What they do not know is whether the men of Hanoi understand the message and the implication, buried in it, of readiness upon the part of this Administration to offer substantially more in the way of political concession for a viable settlement of the war than the President deems it feasible to tell either the "silent majority" that he has rallied, at least for the moment, to his support at home, or the Thieu-Ky government in Saigon.

The Nixon call to Hanoi is taking odd forms, in language that can be read and is read by some people to mean that the Administration is less willing now than it was a few months ago to pay anything near the political price that will have to be paid for a negotiated settlement. The same language may also be read to mean that Mr. Nixon has let himself be persuaded that the support he has mustered for his "plan for peace" can be transformed into support for a war protracted into 1972, and perhaps even beyond, on a diminishing scale. I don't read it that way, and I hear on Capitol Hill that such Republican Senators as the veteran George Aiken of Vermont and freshmen Marlow Cook of Kentucky and Charles Mathias of Maryland don't read it that way, either. Mr. Nixon has convinced them and others, in private discussions dating from last summer, that he is determined – "come hell or high water," *Time* quotes a senator quoting the President – to extricate the United States from this war. What I continue to hear at the White House, at a distance well removed from Mr. Nixon, suggests that he has not fully indicated, even to senators in his confidence, the extent of the political concessions that he is prepared to offer if only Hanoi will enter at Paris into negotiations that can be made to appear to preserve for the people of South Vietnam the promised right "to determine their own fate."

If this analysis is correct, the hard language that Mr. Nixon and some of his spokesmen have adopted lately is aimed more at convincing Hanoi that it will indeed profit from early negotiation than at signalling an impending change of American tactics and purpose. Mr. Nixon's statement, in his announcement of his third troop withdrawal on December 15, that Hanoi "will find us flexible and forthcoming" when and if it agrees to "talk seriously" in Paris, was made with less emphasis than a spokesman placed upon the same assertion in September. But it was still there and it was intended to be the central message to Hanoi. The President quoted with approval a passage from a recent report to him by Sir Robert Thompson, a British authority on anti-guerrilla warfare and a famous advocate of sustained anti-Communist commitment in Southeast Asia, suggesting that the right and attainable goal is to maintain "an independent, non-Communist South Vietnam." That, on Nixon's past record, is certainly the goal that he prefers. But, in declaring since May that the US is prepared to accept any government chosen by fair election in South Vietnam, and by guaranteeing in advance to the Communists of Hanoi and the NLF the right to participate in and help to supervise a negotiated election "as an organized political force," he has renounced it as a goal essential to American security. If "an independent, non-Communist South Vietnam" is no longer considered vital for security reasons, it can hardly be vital to Mr. Nixon's "plan for peace" insofar as that plan envisages and the President prefers a negotiated settlement.

Mr. Nixon and his associates are doing their best to appear comfortable with the alternative that they have devised for themselves and for South Vietnam. This is "Vietnamization," meaning the gradual withdrawal of American ground forces and the transfer of combat responsibilities to the South Vietnamese Army. It is not a very convincing best. The Administration's assertions of confidence that the alternative is working and will continue to work have a hollow ring when the more extreme expressions are examined closely. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, who is billing himself as the inventor and chief advocate of Vietnamization, went beyond the bounds of credibility when he assured a House subcommittee in October that Vietnamization, "in itself could lead the way to a military victory in the sense of the South Vietnamese being able to defend their country, even against North Vietnam." Congressman John Rhodes of Arizona said to Laird, ". . . you are not ruling out the possibility, then, that the South Vietnamese, when Vietnamization is completed, could actually do what is necessary to to end the war by military victory over North Vietnam?" Laird answered, "I am not," and if his answer had

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stopped there it would have been the ulimate evidence that the Administration is deluding itself. The full answer gave away the true, the desperately urgent game that the President and his principal spokesmen are playing in their effort to communicate their real message to Hanoi. "I am not," Laird said, "and that is one of the points I would like to communicate as well as we can to Hanoi and to the other side in Paris."

In testimony before the House subcommittee and later before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Laird refused so much as to discuss the possibility that Vietnamization might fail. But that possibility is discussed at the White House, in an interesting way. At one of the recent background briefings through which the Nixon people sought maximum publicity for their measure of achievement in the first Nixon year, the adviser explaining Vietnam policy for the President acknowledged that the "Vietnamized" army of South Vietnam has yet to be put to a convincing test of its ability, present and potential, to assume the combat responsibilities now borne by American ground troops. He reminded his audience that the President had postponed the actual withdrawal of a third increment of troops (50,000) until after the Tet holiday season has passed in February. If the North Vietnamese and Vietcong forces try a Tet offensive in 1970, as they did in 1968 and 1969, the President's spokesman said, we may at last get a needed test of the South Vietnamese army's capabilities. It was a casual remark, hardly noted by the reporters who heard it. I thought it worthy of note, indicative of a degree of doubt and uneasiness about Vietnamization that is seldom allowed to surface. It could be interpreted as one of many indications that the Nixon Administration understands very well that the viable way out of this war is through negotiation. Whether Mr. Nixon is prepared to pay the price that he probably will have to pay for productive negotiation is debatable. But he, most assuredly, is prepared to pay *a* price. His diminished but abiding hope is that Hanoi will in time get and respond to the message that he is.

Secretary of State William P. Rogers said the other day that any time Hanoi's representatives in Paris feel that the Americans are misreading the other side's intentions, "all they have to do is pick up the phone and tell us." Could it be that all that Mr. Nixon has to do is "pick up the phone"? I get an impression at the White House, notwithstanding the current claim that there have been "11 private talks" without result, that the President and Secretary Rogers and Henry Kissinger are reluctant to communicate their message in so simple a way. It just might be worth a try.

John Osborne

"Believe me, folks – under one of these helmets is a dove . . ."

On the Whole, Good

Revenues & Reform In The Tax Bill

For many months it has been clear that the mammoth tax bill of 1969 as finally written would have to be judged by two tests, entirely separate.

First, does it make our tax system fairer, more equitable?

Second, does it give away too much revenue?

The answer to the first question is an unequivocal "yes." The tax system will be not necessarily fair in all eyes, but it will be definitely fairer than it was.

The answer to the second question is far more subjective. Some persons of good sense and good will genuinely believe that we already pay too much taxes and that government expenditures, taken in the round, are not a good way of solving problems, social or otherwise. In this view there is no such thing as giving away "too much" revenue. Some liberals in and out

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f Congress, such as Senator Eugene McCarthy, even dopted the extraordinary position that the only way o cut defense spending was to cut taxes and deny the overnment revenue. Because it is a subjective question, ne must give a subjective answer. My own answer is yes" – the tax bill did give away too much revenue – ut the outcome was not as bad as at one time seemed ossible.

To the revenue loss question first, then.

The ultimate sadness here is that the tax reduction greed upon – apart from the noncontroversial low-ncome allowance to remove millions of the poor rom the tax rolls altogether and the change to help ingle persons – amounts to very little for any family, ut it comes to billions for government revenues in the ears from 1972 onward. This would have been true, egardless of whether the tax reduction route was an ncrease in the $600 personal exemption or a cut in tax ates, or an increase in the standard deduction. Under ny combination, including the combination of in-creased exemptions and standard deduction finally greed upon, the tax reduction for a family can fairly e described as chicken feed. As an example, the cut n tax rates (which was not adopted), bitterly criticized as a sop to the rich in contrast to the exemption in-crease, would have saved a $40,000-a-year man about $500-$600 in taxes, hardly enough to change his way of life. The rise in exemptions that was adopted instead saves him (depending on the size of his family) $150-$300, and saves the $10,000-a-year man $50-$150 when it is fully in effect in 1973. For various reasons – including the subsidy from an exemption increase to families with large numbers of children – I happen to favor mildly a rate reduction over an increase in the exemption. But the whole matter was still essentially one of chicken feed.

Yet the effect on the government's revenues is not chicken feed. It must be remembered that at the outset of the long struggle, President Nixon asked for repeal of the business investment tax credit as a revenue raiser, not as an offset to personal income tax reductions. With this in mind, and allowing for the laudable changes helping the poor and single persons and the revenue-raising effects of the tax reforms, the President who takes office in January, 1973, will have about $8 billion less in revenue than would have been the case if Congress had not been so determined to have tax reduction. Put another way, he will have $8 billion less than would have been the case if the original Administration proposals on this question had been adhered to.

I am not going to claim that $8 billion – in what will be a budget of close to $250 billion – would make the difference between tranquillity and social disaster. It won't. It is also fair to point out that the Senate-House conferees responsibly kept the revenue loss to an amount much less than was involved in the Senate bill, and postponed most of it past the crucial 1970-71 period when a balanced budget is essential for anti-inflation purposes. But still, there was no real necessity to give away that $8 billion, and it might help a lot, in places where government spending can accomplish something.

The secondary tragedy, worth a mention, is that the big revenue loss need not have happened at all. For a crucial period lasting less than a week in early August both Wilbur Mills and the Nixon Administration lost control of the situation. After laboring with great diligence and a good deal of courage over reform for months, the Ways and Means Committee turned to tax relief at the last minute, before the congressional recess. A package was rushed through, which would have produced some revenue loss by any realistic test, but not anything like $8 billion.

Then some "good guys" like organized labor and Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri discovered that the relief package would not help much the lower-middle-class citizens who owned their homes, as distinct from renting. In 24 hours, Mills's whole plan collapsed and his committee approved an additional $2.5 billion of tax rate reduction (at today's income level, which means much more in the future). Perhaps the bill could not have passed the House without this. Perhaps the relief provisions could have been worked out more carefully in the first place. Perhaps the Administration could have headed it off. But regardless of all that, it was the sudden decision in the House in early August that turned this great effort at reform into a tax reduction bill. The Senate has had a lot of blame; but if the bill had come over from the House with an austere label, every senator would have known that even modest "giveaways" stood no chance.

How much Wilbur Mills lost on this issue! He deeply believes in rate reduction as the best tax reform of all. His original, fairly balanced bill had rate reduction. But after the walls caved in, the Senate – knowing there would be tax relief – switched to exemptions through the Gore amendment. More than half the House members then told Mills that that was what they had favored all along (it is far simpler for the ordinary citizen to understand). He had no real choice but to yield.

And so what we got was a fairly sizable tax reduction in the aggregate; a tax reduction of no big importance to anyone but the poor and the single; and a tax reduction not to the taste of Wilbur Mills. The blame, as always, is diffuse. In my view, the outcome was not the product of evil or stupid men, in Congress or the Administration. For a brief instant the stern and sensible men lost control, and at that moment normal public and political sentiment about taxes made its beachhead. The President inaugurated in 1973 will suffer for it, though Mills and others were

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able in the end to arrange the tax reduction so as not to wreck a proper budget policy for next year and the year after.

As for the reform, the bill did something about nearly all of the notorious tax escapes and added a "minimum tax" to boot, to catch those who avail themselves of a combination of the various preferences and wind up paying little or no tax.

There is one major omission, but it was an understandable one. There will be no tax, direct or indirect, on the interest on municipal bonds. It will still be possible for a very wealthy person to invest all his or her money in municipals and not even file a tax return. The Ways and Means Committee and thus the House, included municipal bond interest in its version of the minimum tax. But by an unforeseen coincidence, 1969 was turning out to be a terrible year for state and local bonds as a result of the severely restrictive monetary policy of the Federal Reserve. The tax change, in addition, was just too much. The mayors and governors were almost literally up in arms, for good reason. The Senate Finance Committee excluded municipal bond interest from any form of direct or indirect taxation, and Mills knew he would have to go along.

It was never intended – despite the cries of the governors and of some bond men in New York – to tax their interest directly. It was intended to include tax-exempt interest along with other tax preferences in computing the minimum tax, thus making the bonds less attractive to some wealthy persons. In any case, it was not to be. In my view, this omission does not wreck tax reform. If something had to be omitted, this at least has a social purpose.

A couple of other omissions should be mentioned. Because of a desperately serious campaign by the private universities primarily, the tax escape deriving from charitable giving of securities that have appreciated in value was also omitted from the minimum tax. But charitable contribution deductions were tightened in other ways, and no longer will it be possible for a few score millionaires to escape tax altogether through this device. Again, one can argue that the omission had a pretty respectable social purpose.

The big "escape" of non-taxation of capital gains at death was not touched upon at all. It simply never came up, except in the speeches and proposals of some individual members of Congress. But the reason was a plausible one. The whole question of the Estate and Gift tax was put aside by Mills for later reform, on the ground that not everything could be accomplished in one year. This is an issue that will have to be faced, but it is not fair to indict the reform bill because the issue was not faced this year.

Consider what *was* faced. It is worth pondering, when running over the list, what one would have considered possible, say, a year ago. This is no place to go into details. But the main areas can be mentioned

► The stock market and capital gains. Not only wa the tax on capital gains increased for those with larg profits, but, in an obscure but important move, the fina bill includes a limitation of the device by which marke operators using borrowed money can offset most o their other income by deducting the interest on wha they borrow.

► Oil and gas. The reduction of the famous deple tion allowance caught the headlines, and it was impor tant, though it may not have gone as far as som purists desired. Also important was the abolition o the device known as "carve-outs" or "production pay ments," which even most of the oil industry admitte was a travesty on tax equity. The important tax benefi of "intangible drilling costs" was retained, but its exces sive use was limited by a provision in the minimum tax Pure oil millionaires will be fewer in the future.

► Real estate. There has been at least as much tax escape through the real estate depreciation route as through oil. The new law brings a major tightening, except for newly built housing. Insofar as special depreciation is still allowed, it will count in computing the new minimum tax.

► Charitable contributions. There is a tightening of the law in several respects, with no real damage to the colleges and other objects of charity.

► Financial institutions. Banks and thrift institutions have been taxed much more lightly than ordinary businesses. The gap will now be substantially narrowed.

► Foundations. This was not so much a tax equity issue – though that was involved, too – as a question of abuses of tax-exempt status. All of the main problems have been solved (possibly over-solved).

► Minimum tax. It will take time to judge whether the final result was the most equitable possible. The version agreed upon will be less complicated and affect fewer persons than the House version. But it is safe to say that – municipal bond interest apart – the principle has been established that everyone should pay some tax. The final version has the added merit of applying to corporations as well as individuals. Escape from tax by a bunching of various tax preferences, including capital gains, will no longer be possible.

One hears of "lobbies." On the whole, in the tax bill of 1969, they lost. Some of the lobbyists had a case, and they succeeded in preserving some of the former tax benefits. But there is no doubt that the public outcry in favor of more tax fairness produced substantial results.

One more thing should be said. The outcome on reform stands as a tribute to a conservative, sometimes devious, always unpredictable man: Wilbur Mills.

Edwin L. Dale, Jr.

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US Policy Shift in the Middle East
Arab-Israeli Impasse

Cairo

Despite deafening war drums on the Nile, Egypt shows few outward signs of preparations for the clash President Nasser has said will come "on a sea of blood and under a blazing sky." The blackout of Egypt's cities is a government myth. Unconcerned Egyptians toddle off on weekends to Alexandria's fine beaches; teenagers prefer the golden oldie ballads of Om Kalthoum, the Arab world's Edith Piaf, to her recent martial ditties like "Give Me A Gun And Let Me Fight!"

Since the 1948 war, Arabs have been battered more by disorganization than by Israeli guns. Feuds and jealousies, sometimes as old as the Prophet, blunted Arab effectiveness: Saudi Arabia versus Egypt versus Jordan versus Syria versus Iraq. The Arab world separates into two vast wings, one spread west and one east from Cairo. The western wing – North Africa – includes Libya, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, and was considered, even after the Algerian revolution, predisposed to America and the West. Not any more; the Libya coup last summer tipped the balance for Nasser. The Libyan junta reportedly is considering turning Wheelus Air Force Base into a Pan-Arabic commando school – once the US is kicked out.

The eastern wing is made up of the Arab peninsula – primarily Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Yemen, Aden – and the fertile crescent which contains Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq and Israel. Though the Arab peninsula remains less than enthusiastic about Nasser the postal clerk's son, it is more closely aligned to Egypt today than heretofore.

Nasser's standing has also been enhanced with Arab conservatives by the emergence of the radical commando force. Middle East leaders, who once scorned the Egyptian president as an ambitious, self-aggrandizing usurper, now look on him in a different light. They fear the Palestinian commandos may be the vanguard of what could become a sweeping social revolution. Nasser, in this context, appears desirably moderate, a trustworthy revolutionary who will lead the fight without severly disturbing the status quo.

UAR officials contend that their very underdeveloped country with its largely peasant population, can absorb casualties over the long run more easily than Israel can. Israel's obvious alternative to a war of attrition – another preemptive June War – has become less attractive. They could hope only to cripple the Arab war machine temporarily; Russia certainly would rebuild it – as it did after the '67 war, to the tune of around $3 billion. And since the Arabs are now better organized and equipped, an all-out war would be costlier than last time for Israel. More importantly, the Egyptians believe, the Israelis would suffer a serious loss of world support if they were thought to have started another war.

The Egyptians have a point. International sympathy for Israel has waned. The Star of David flies over lands three times Israel's prewar size, and over Arab peoples amounting to 1,300,000 – nearly half Israel's own population. The Arabs speak in Churchillian tones about the long struggle ahead to recover their lost territories. "The Israelis won a sweeping victory," says an Egyptian official. "But after two and a half years the allies have finally begun to close the gap." The UAR has polished its underdog image by a stepped-up campaign

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to portray America as the Arab world's archenemy. Anti-Americanism is at a 25-year peak in the Middle East. The 50 US Phantom jets purchased by Israel (for $300 million, two-thirds of it in cash) particularly enraged the Arabs. From *fellahin* to foreign minister, Arabs see a CIA plot in every American move. Arab officials are convinced that a Jewish lobby dictates US Middle East policy.

The US and Russia agree that the November 22, 1967 UN Security Council resolution should be the basis for a Middle East settlement. But each interprets it differently. The first point of that resolution calls for (a) "Withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in the recent conflict; (b) Termination of all claims or states of belligerency and respect for and acknowledgment of the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of every state in the area and their right to live in peace within secure and recognized boundaries free from threats of acts of force."

The second point includes a guarantee of navigation rights through international waterways, a "just settlement" for the refugee problem, and insurance of the "territorial inviolability and political independence" of Middle East states through measures that include establishment of demilitarized zones. The final major point sets up a UN special representative to deal with the Middle East problem, a role currently filled by Swedish Ambassador Gunnar Jarring.

According to the Egyptians, the resolution is a "package deal," which means that Israel *first* must withdraw from occupied territories and *then* the Arabs will carry out their part of the bargain. The US ideally wants the Arabs to accept specific peace-keeping safeguards before an Israeli withdrawal. For its part, Israel demands direct negotiations with the Arabs. Thus the impasse. According to one American expert here, "Nasser would take the risk of negotiations only if he were assured of emerging, if not a victor, at least looking like a successful participant in a standoff." Nasser can only save face by indirect negotiations.

While Egyptian and Israeli positions have hardened, the US and Russia have maneuvered to find common grounds for a settlement. Secretary of State William Rogers' recent call for an unqualified Israeli withdrawal from all Arab territories occupied in the 1967 war, in return for a commitment from the Arab states for a lasting peace with Israel, emphasized a policy change that has slowly developed since Mr. Nixon took over. The State Department has started to quarrel publicly with Israel – something unknown in the Johnson years. The first sign of this change was seen several months ago when a State Department spokesman took exception to Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon's hawkish remarks during the Lebanon crisis.

When Mr. Nixon was Vice President, the US moved into the Middle East supposedly to straighten out the political disorder left by the withdrawal of France and Britain. The Eisenhower doctrine promised aid to any Middle Eastern land asking for help against Communist attack. That pledge and the Sixth Fleet's presence kept Jordan "safe." Then, in 1958, the US sent Marines into the area (Lebanon's civil war was the excuse) in a power play that followed the assassination of King Faisal in a leftist Iráqi coup.

Since then the picture has changed radically. Jordan's rule is divided between King Hussein and virulently anti-American Palestinian commandos. US diplomats are fighting a losing battle to keep Western influence in Jordan from declining further. During the recent Lebanon crisis, officials on both sides of the dispute scoffed at the idea of American intervention. Mr. Nixon almost certainly will never again receive an Arab invitation to send Marines to the Middle East. And Nasser believes that unilateral US action – besides provoking Russia – would be highly unacceptable to the American public in the wake of Vietnam.

So Washington is left with hopes of working out an arrangement with Moscow. No one here thinks Russia wants another Middle East war. But opinions vary as to how serious the Soviets are about negotiating peace. One line of thought holds that they prefer to keep Middle East tensions high – to the detriment of the US. Most observers, however, suggest that Moscow is anxious to cool the crisis. "The Russians are now members of the Middle East's board of directors," says a diplomat. "It's to their advantage to put a lid on the conflict." Embarrassed by the UAR's performance in the June war, Moscow reequipped Nasser's armed forces in record time. Now the Russians are thought to be uneasy over their large commitment of prestige. For all the improvements of the UAR army, Israel can still make the Arabs look like bumbling incompetents. The Russians were furious last September when the Egyptians failed to respond to a large Israeli ground attack on Egypt's side of the Suez Canal.

There is evidence that Russian-Egyptian relations aren't without friction. The Egyptians recently bypassed their allies by shopping in Europe for four-wheel drive vehicles, needed for desert mobility. Some UAR officials reportedly consider the Soviet ambassador to Cairo too heavy-handed. Egyptians complain about the aloofness of their Russian advisers; shopkeepers grouse that they are niggling tightwads. The Russians, like Americans in other countries, have established their own ghetto in Cairo. Their social life is confined to the large enclosed villa that serves as a community center. Russian advisers gather under trees in the villa yard to drink Amstel beer and, one supposes, grouse about the Egyptians. But Russia is unlikely to do anything to undermine Nasser's basic demand that the Israelis withdraw from the occupied lands.

Zalin B. Grant

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Observations on East-West Relations

Detente in the '70s

by Zbigniew Brzezinski

Given the nature of mass communication and the increasing scientific and technological interdependence of the world, it is difficult to imagine that world peace can be constructed on the basis of two hegemonies. Nonetheless, it must be recognized as a matter of realism that at the present time the major powers do have physical and political preponderance in certain areas. The Soviet Union has such a relationship to Eastern Europe.

A sphere of preponderance does not mean a sphere of indifference for others. What the Soviet Union does in Eastern Europe is a matter of grave concern to the rest of the world, just as what the United States has been doing in regard to Cuba has been a matter of concern (and expressly so) to the Soviet Union. Soviet actions in Czechoslovakia have aggravated international tensions, have contributed to the further lowering of international standards of behavior, have helped to revive the Cold War. Though the West may not be able to run the risks involved in directly preventing such acts of Soviet physical assertion, it does not follow that it should remain totally indifferent either to what the Soviet Union has been doing in Czechoslovakia, or to what the Soviet Union may attempt to do elsewhere.

However, the West may be more tempted now to reconsider its relationship with China, precisely because expectations of improved relations with the Soviet Union have been lowered by Soviet misconduct with regard to Czechoslovakia. A more democratic communist Prague would have been the symbol of East-West reconciliation: Western contacts with Peking can be a reminder to Moscow that it too has a stake in reconciliation.

It would be an error to draw an artificial distinction between detente and Western unity. A disunited West is a West which tempts Soviet offensiveness, not only militarily but politically. A disunited West revitalizes Soviet ideology, particularly its militance. A disunited West cannot help build a stable framework for peace. Therefore, the real issue is not detente versus Western unity, but what kind of detente we want and what kind of unity we seek.

Promoting Western unity should not mean reviving the Cold War or merely building that unity on the basis of military strength. It has to be related to simultaneous efforts to provide the East with options for closer involvement in international cooperation. Despite Soviet suppression of Prague, the attraction of the West for the East lingers on and it is bound to grow with the further and almost unavoidable technological obsolescence of the communist states in comparison with the West. Repeated invitations to the communist countries to become involved in serious, institutionalized and far-reaching cooperation will doubtless be rejected more frequently than accepted; but the acceptances will become contagious.

Clearly, Western policy is not of itself the decisive factor of change in the East. The most it can do is create a propitious climate for the positive evolution of the East European political systems and eventually within the Soviet Union too. Our expectation, therefore, should not be excessive and it may be wise to avoid some of the optimism of the sixties, especially with regard to the alleged "convergence" of the democratic and communist systems. At the same time, persistent efforts to improve relations with communist states will help the forces that press for liberalization and will reduce both the objective and subjective impediments to these forces.

This raises the old question: should we just improve relations with the more independent states, like Yugoslavia and Rumania, or with all of the East European states? In my view, the latter is clearly preferable. Concentrating mainly on the more independent ones reinforces Soviet paranoia and makes it easier for the Soviet Union to hold the others in line. Accordingly, cooperative approaches should be made to all East European states. For the time being, only Yugoslavia and Rumania are likely to respond (thus in any case satisfying the objective of those who wish to concentrate only on these two states), but the option should be opened to all. To do less would be to aid the Soviet Union in asserting its control.

It should always be made explicit that our objective is to draw both Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union into a closer relationship with the West, and thereby

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also promote the gradual reassociation of the German people. At the same time, it must be realized that some East European states will again move more rapidly than the Soviet Union. This will pose difficult problems – as was the case with Czechoslovakia – and will call for Western initiatives designed to reduce the likely Soviet concerns. Proposals for East-West conferences, new security, political and economic bodies, and generally open-ended invitations to all communist states may help to reduce some of the traditional Soviet suspicion.

The creation of an East-West European Security Commission, which I proposed more than a year ago, would be a desirable step forward, especially since the very act of proposal would convey to the Soviet Union the message that our purpose in prompting closer East-West ties is not to draw individual East European states into the orbit of NATO. Finally, any proposed structure for a future Europe must be capable of resolving not only the problems of today and yesterday, but also the likely problems of tomorrow.

Current problems, stemming from the division of Germany and therefore of Europe, include the fear in both parts of Europe of any increase of strength in the other part; the fear of a united Germany; the fear of communism and of Soviet expansion; the fear of the United States and of Western Europe, particularly West Germany, in the East. The solution of all these problems requires the creation, through a process of gradual but deliberate change, of an institutional and multilateral framework in which Western and Eastern Europe, and the United States and the Soviet Union, will be linked together.

Only such a framework can cope with the tendency toward fragmentation and nationalism which is present so strongly in all of Europe today. Precisely because the world, including Europe, is moving toward higher level coordination, there is a tendency toward simultaneous fragmentation of some nation-states, and a quest for social intimacy on a level lower than that provided by national integration. This problem afflicts Belgium, as it does Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and increasingly even the Soviet Union itself.

The Soviet Union would be more likely to become involved in such a larger framework because of the inherent attraction of the West for the East Europeans, whom the Soviet Union would have to follow lest it lose them altogether, and because of the Soviet Union's own felt need to collaborate more in the technological and scientific revolution. That the East Europeans will be moving closer to West Europe is certain. Recent events in Czechoslovakia are merely an augury of what will follow. It is only a matter of time before individual communist states come knocking at the door of EEC or OECD; hence even for Moscow wider East-West arrangements may become a way of maintaining some effective links with the East European capitals. Last but not least, the threat from China could also have the desirable effect of inducing in the Soviet leaders less doctrinaire outlook.

The currently retrogressive tendencies in the Soviet Union may be the most difficult to reverse, but such reversal may come either from the new generation that will be assuming political power toward the end of the next decade, or simply because the internal degeneration and decay will bring to a head a grave political crisis.

In brief, our policies should aim at the reintegration of Europe, the progressive reassociation of the German people as an alternative to an immediate reunification of the German state, and the gradual termination of the civil war within the developed world. None of these objectives is likely to be achieved in the next decade, but it is to be expected that progress toward them will nonetheless be made.

A European Security Conference could be a desirable step in that direction. We should think of it as a *process*, the purpose of which is to explore and only eventually resolve the various outstanding legacies of World War II. But we will not be able to do so if the West – and particularly the United States – keeps shrinking away from the challenge on the jejune argument that we can't enter a conference unless we know in advance what its outcome will be.

One thing seems fairly certain: the industrial age in the more advanced countries of the West is coming to an end, and it will have to end the ideological and nationalist traditions of international politics. The communist states, more delayed in their political development, bureaucratically fossilized by their present ideological systems, will nonetheless also begin to experience the transition into an age more dominated by computers and communications than by dogmas and "infallible" central committees. It is thus likely that the seventies will be dominated, to a greater extent than either this decade or the previous one, by increasingly frequent spasms of unrest within the communist states.

The transition from the industrial age to the technetronic will not be easy, and it already has not been easy in the West. Student rebellions, the problems of alienation and frustration, and the general uncertainty of our times indicate how grave and difficult that transition can be. In many respects, especially in the political sphere, it is likely to be even more difficult in the far less pluralistic communist systems in the East. Indeed, it is one of the paradoxes of our time that a red flag hanging from the Sorbonne University or Columbia University was simply mute testimony to the psychological complexity of the transition from the industrial to the technetronic age; a red flag put up *spontaneously* by the students of Moscow over their university would truly signify a political revolution.

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"Pop Me Some Dinks"

by Orville Schell

Early in September 1967, I returned to Saigon on an AID helicopter from Quang Ngai Province, just below the DMZ in I Corp area, a province that has come to prominence because Mylai is there. I had spent several weeks flying with the FACs (the Forward Air Control), and investigating on the ground the "pacification camps" for "refugees": men, women, and children whose villages had been bombed, shelled and burned in the huge free-fire zones.

The whole of Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces was devastated except for a narrow cordon on either side of coastal route #1, and small areas around the provincial and county capitals. The rice-growing region on the coast looked like the moon – pockmarked by millions of craters, napalm burns, splintered trees and destroyed houses. In two counties, Duc Pho and Mo Duc, the local US batallion commander estimated (conservatively) that over half of the populace were displaced. The all-too-few civilian hospitals were overflowing with patients "generated" by the war. The pacification camps were so full that food, shelter, and in some instances even potable water, were not available. The situation was so severe that our troops in the field were ordered to cease "generating refugees" so as to take pressure off. Search and destroy operations continued however, as did the ceaseless air strikes and shelling of the land by artillery and by the Navy off the coast. The province chief, Lt. Col. Hoang Dinh Tho, when asked what plans he had for civilians who were yet to be displaced by military operations, said: "No refugees this time, unless they ask to come."

By day, I flew over these provinces observing the endless air strikes, sometimes "put in" simply because an aircraft had "some stuff" on it and wanted to land. There was a rule that no aircraft could land with any unexpended ordinance. Churches, thatched huts, bomb shelters and bunkers, rice fields, any sign of life whatsoever, were cause enough for an airstrike. A man plowing a rice field in a free-fire zone was a target for strafing. I remember flying with a FAC when we guided in an F-4 strike, dropping four 750-pound bombs simply because the pilot had seen a small basket of vegetables drying in the sun in a completely destroyed village. "When you see something like that," he explained to me, "you know they're down there." He did not say, perhaps he did not know, that many people had found the overcrowded pacification camps unbearable and gone back to their villages in the free-fire zones, where they lived in holes.

On the ground at night, talking to enlisted men, some of whom had reservations about our conduct in the war, one heard stories of "squirrel hunting": a man would put a small caliber machine gun on a door stanchion of a "bubble chopper" and go out over the fields for sport to "pop me some Dinks." Stories of torture to make suspects talk were so commonplace they attracted no attention, except from an outsider unfamiliar with the ways of war in this area. Any dead "Gook" was said to be a VC. One captain, when asked how he knew that the man he had just shot running out of a hut was a VC, said "Son, I know he's a VC by the nine bullet holes in his chest."

On our massive base at Chu Lai, GIs lounged in the officers club over gin and tonics, watched stateside movies, or surfed on air mattresses in the beautiful blue ocean. The piecemeal destruction of the Vietnamese and their villages had become so much an accepted fact that not one person I encountered in the military had the slightest compunction about showing me, a journalist, whatever I wanted to see.

That September afternoon, unshaven and covered with mud, I walked with my brother into JUSPAO in Saigon to catch the end of the "Five O'clock Follies," the daily military briefing to the press. Some 40 correspondents were present. Ambassador Robert Komer, highest ranking American official in the pacification program, was just finishing talking. A Japanese correspondent asked him what areas could be rated as successes for the pacification effort. He mentioned Binh Dinh Province, and then went on to say, "Another place where clear-and-hold has been proceeding remarkable well is in Quang Ngai. I think Quang Ngai is going to turn out to be one of the success stories of 1967." Not one correspondent challenged him. He concluded by saying his remarks were "off the record."

That was 1967. By now it is fairly clear that atrocities, on a previously unimaginable scale, have been committed for years by US forces against the Vietnamese people – who to American troops are not distinguishable from the enemy. When I was in Vietnam, there were almost 550 correspondents registered and cleared with the American military. How was it that so few saw what was happening, or, if they saw,

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failed to report it? One would like to think that the destruction of Mylai was "wholly unrepresentative," as Secretary of the Army Resor says, and something which might have escaped the attention of correspondents. One is forced to conclude otherwise. For during the short time I was in Vietnam in 1967, I personally witnessed the destruction of villages and their people from the air.

One rarely found a soldier who felt (or allowed himself to feel) the horror of what went on – what was happening to others as distinguished from what was happening to himself. If asked what he thinks about killing and destruction, a soldier usually only says, "I don't bother with that. I'm just here to do my job." The terms of his job, of course, are set outside and above him. Accept them or reject them, he must continue to operate, and above all, to survive.

For many members of the working press in Vietnam, the situation was similar. Few American correspondents I knew and talked to seemed to question the basic assumptions of the war. (This was not true for the foreign press.) There was much written about strategy, body count, the success or failure of an operation, progress in Revolutionary Development, or the stabilizing of the current Saigon regime. But few seemed to be asking, in 1967, if the whole notion of pacification was desirable or tenable, whether Westmoreland was in touch with the realities of the war, whether Americans should be in Vietnam to begin with. Many correspondents had opinions, complaints, and criticisms, and in private would talk about them. But they would seldom write about them. Like the soldiers, they too, had a job to do for a given period of time. They, too, needed to stay in favor, keep official sources open, and avoid antagonisms between themselves and the military, who were at once their guides and protectors in the field.

Everything had a number or a slang nomenclature. Vietnamese were "Gooks," "Slopes," "Dinks"; the enemy was "Charlie," large bombs were "snake eyes"; napalm cannisters were "napes"; a gun ship helicopter was "Puff the magic dragon"; Vietnam was "Nam"; 20mm aircraft canon were "mike mikes." One masters this language, or is an outsider; just as one masters control of himself as he watches men and women strafed from the air, peasants swept from their villages and left in a hot field for two days with sand bags over their heads, their hands tied behind them while waiting for helicopter evacuation to a "collection point." If one does not master the lingo and those feelings of revulsion, one does not last long in the field. One learns to view what is happening from an immediately acceptable perspective or risks being totally at odds with a dangerous environment. It is difficult to describe one's feelings, having just flown in from Hong Kong three days before, sitting in a FAC Cessna 02 which is shooting phosphorous rockets into a defense less village, as markers for an airstrike, even whe one knows that there are Vietcong in the area. wanted nothing more in the world than to stop wha was happening or somehow purge myself of an critical judgment. Unfortunately, I could do neithe

Back in Saigon, one is protected, though you coul hear and see bombs and flares on the city's outskirts Here there are many other journalists with whom t drink and gripe. One can very quickly get wrapped up in local affairs. There is either the threat of a palac *coup* to cover, or a pseudo election overseen by a troop of presidential observers who stand conspicuously bu dumbly beside a ballot box and have their picture taken. There is the Five O'clock Follies in a neat air-conditioned auditorium. There are new operations going out, and myriad press releases from hundreds of governmental agencies, which are distributed from a huge rack at the press office. There are giant new computer schemes to tell us if we are winning the hearts and minds of the people. There are black market scandals, corruption in the Vietnamese government, apathy in the ARVN forces, to be reported. There are students in jail, Buddhists protesting, human interest stories about prostitutes and shoeshine boys adopted by kindly GIs. Most correspondents must file a story of some kind every day. The folks at home want progress reports. If a reporter dug too deeply into official assumptions, the chances were (and probably still are) that his story would be cut or dropped and that he would get nothing but the bitter animosity of the Vietnam military apparatus, upon which he was dependent for future stories, travel, and all the other assistance he needed to keep on top of the news. One correspondent for a Washington paper, with whom I talked upon returning from Quang Ngai, claimed that he knew all about what was happening up there. Yet he wrote little which spelled out the significance of the fact that the US had destroyed two provinces without anyone's hardly noticing it. The correspondent himself seemed unmoved by what he had heard and claimed to know. Perhaps he had seen so much of the same kind of destruction in other areas that it hardly seemed newsworthy.

But even if a correspondent *had* been horrified by what he had seen and learned of the war, there were few newspapers or magazines that seemed disposed to print such unsettling reports. One *Newsweek* correspondent told me on returning from Quang Ngai that he was shocked by what was going on in the countryside. Having had experience in Europe during World War II, he said that what he had seen was "much worse than what the Nazis had done to Europe." Had he written about it in those terms? No.

The press has, of course, on many occasions bravely ferreted out news, despite official resistance. Newsmen

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have reported examples of ghastly US errors and of cruelty for which Vietnamese civilians paid. But more often than not, incidents of a city destroyed to save it, or a village accidentally bombed, or of torture in government prisons, are portrayed as exceptions to the rule, rather than the rule itself. They are duly regretted, those involved are instructed to be more cautious, and the American public rests assured that they will not be repeated. That, at least, has been the case up to now.

Is a Member of the Party Fit to Teach at UCLA?

The Communist And the Governor

by Arnold S. Kaufman

Los Angeles

In the spring of 1969, the UCLA philosophy department began to search for a qualified black scholar. In a conversation with his counterpart at Princeton, the department's chairman Donald Kalish, learned of a young student of Herbert Marcuse's, Angela Davis. In the end, Princeton did not make Miss Davis an offer. Swarthmore and UCLA did. She chose UCLA.

Miss Davis had excellent academic credentials – a degree from Brandeis where she graduated *magna cum laude* and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa; one year of study in France, two years in Germany; a PhD candidacy at the San Diego campus of the University of California. After careful review of her record, interviews, solicitation of references from former teachers here and abroad, and much discussion, the department voted to recommend her for a two-year appointment.

Other officers of the university processed the department's recommendation in a normal way, and on May 9, the Dean of the College of Letters and Science signed a one-year employment form. Kalish explained to Miss Davis that though it was the university's intention to reappoint her provided her work was satisfactory, it was not expected that her job would last beyond two years. It may not last that long, for Miss Davis is a member of the Communist Party. She said so when later asked by UCLA Chancellor Charles Young.

In addition to a regular teaching position, Angela Davis was given a summer research fellowship to speed her dissertation. But when her troubles began, the Regents ordered Chancellor Young to do nothing that would alter her employment status. He complied by refusing to authorize payment of the fellowship money.

At the time of hiring, no one in the philosophy department knew Miss Davis' political affiliation. No one asked. Had they known, there is no indication that their decision would have been different. No one foresaw the storm just over the horizon – not even when an FBI informer wrote a column for UCLA's campus newspaper alleging, among other things, that the philosophy department had just hired a Communist. He did not name the person; he commended the department for hiring an academically well-qualified Marxist. His only concern, he said, was that she be so identified.

A week later, the San Francisco *Examiner* identified the well-qualified Marxist as Angela Davis. The *Examiner*'s reporter said that she was a "known Maoist" and "active in the SDS and the Black Panthers."

Taking official notice of these two reports in its July executive session, the Board of Regents directed Chancellor Young to find out whether Miss Davis was, in fact, a Communist, and after much delay and high-level squabbling he complied, on September 5. She, as indicated, had told him she was.

That is when the newspapers woke up, and until Judge Jerry Pacht of the state's Superior Court enjoined the Regents on October 21 from dismissing Miss Davis, the case was rarely out of the news. The Regents moved quickly to fire her, delaying the effective date only because their own rules said that she had a right to a hearing before a Committee of UCLA's Academic Senate. The Regents also called a special meeting to remove credit from a course she was scheduled to teach. The credit issue had not arisen earlier, because Miss Davis had not been scheduled to teach in the fall '69

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quarter. Like all other members of the philosophy department, she had had the opportunity of distributing four courses over three quarters, in any way she wanted; she had chosen to keep the fall quarter free for work on her dissertation. But when it became obvious that political chaos was not conducive to reflective, scholarly effort, and because she wanted an opportunity to prove that allegations of academic incompetence were baseless, she asked permission to teach a course that was scheduled for the fall, but not staffed. As many students had preregistered, and as the course, *Recurring Philosophical Themes in Black Literature*, was within the scope of Miss Davis' academic interests and competence, Professor Kalish granted her request. It would have been irregular for him to have refused. The Regents, however, went ahead and resolved to disaccredit the course. So things stood until Judge Pacht slapped the injunction on them. Blocked by the courts, some Regents are now trying to get rid of Miss Davis by ordering Chancellor Young to set up a special committee to investigate claims that "Miss Davis is skipping lectures, inculcating her students with political propaganda, and making inflammatory public statements." The status of this committee is unclear; different officials say different things.

The Regents' attitude is no surprise. A majority of them have been reported as believing that "the taxpayers in a capitalistic, democratic society should not pay the salaries of professors, or the bills of students, who want to change the system." (The *Los Angeles Times*, September 22, 1969.) They have been consistent. Besides voting to prevent Eldridge Cleaver from teaching in an accredited course at Berkeley and trying to block Herbert Marcuse's reappointment at the San Diego campus, some Regents have questioned two tenure promotions on grounds that the candidates had participated in antiwar activities. They tried to block one administrative appointment on grounds that the candidate had been a member of SDS. They objected to the hiring of Richard Flacks, a militant sociologist, on the Santa Barbara campus.

Angela Davis believes that in her case, the Regents are guilty of racism. Perhaps it is more accurate to say they have an aversion to political militants, and especially those on the Left. The two statements are not mutually exclusive, however. Capable black scholars *are* likely to be militant – more often, proportionally, than competent white scholars. Most well-educated black Americans who choose to teach have grasped the depth of institutional racism in America, and they react with moral outrage and a determination to "change the system." That's enough to make the Regents uncomfortable. Militant blacks and *Chicanos* are politically embarrassing. That is what Angela Davis claims. And she is right.

Nevertheless, it is not racism but academic freedom that is now the issue before the courts in two separate cases. The Regents are appealing Judge Pacht's decision in the taxpayers' suit entered by three faculty members and two students (two black and three white), and in which Miss Davis has formally intervened. A second action has been brought by an ambitious congressional candidate who seeks to prevent Miss Davis from teaching with or without credit, and names the Regents, Donald Kalish, and Miss Davis as co-defendants. The court will hear the second case sometime this month.

The legal, as against the political situation, is relatively uncomplicated. A university statute passed by the Regents in 1940 and reaffirmed in 1949 and 1950, bars Communists from employment. But in a series of judgments, the United States and California Supreme Courts ruled that such statutes are unconstitutional. In the key case, *Keyishian vs. The State of New York*, the Supreme Court declared that "mere knowing membership without a specific intent to further the unlawful aims of an organization is not constitutionally adequate basis" for excluding Communists. In the Angela Davis case, moreover, the Regents appear to have violated their own recently passed standing order, which states, "No political test shall be considered in the appointment and promotion of any faculty member or employee."

In oral argument before Judge Pacht, attorneys for the Regents made it plain that Sidney Hook's philosophical authority would figure importantly in their case: Communist Party membership is conclusive evidence of academic "incompetence." Hook defines "academic freedom" as the freedom to pursue the truth without "any control or authority except the control or authority of the rational methods by which truth is established." Communists are disqualified as discoverers or disseminators of truth, under this theory, not for mere membership in the Party, but because membership implies a commitment to practice *educational fraud*. Communist beliefs are heretical, but Party membership is conspiratorial. Specifically, a Communist knowingly accepts three obligations: (1) to inject Marxist-Leninist analysis into every classroom; (2) without exposing himself, to exploit his teaching position so as to give students a working-class education; and (3) again without exposing oneself, to go beyond injecting Marxist-Leninist doctrines into his teaching by conducting struggles around the school in a truly Bolshevik manner.

Though these rules first appeared in print in 1937, Hook is mindful of them in his monograph on *Academic Freedom and Academic Anarchy*, June 1968, where he flatly declares that every Party member is instructed "to angle or slant his position in the classroom, and, 'without exposing himself,' to indoctrinate for the party line.' " Though Professor Hook does not think that Communists who are already faculty mem-

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ers should be automatically dismissed, he does favor ot hiring Communists in the first place, since the resumption of intent to commit educational fraud is ufficiently strong. If his general rule *were* adopted, hen of course a Communist scholar would have to void "exposing himself" in order to get a teaching ob at all. Hook's formula therefore requires that Communists either not be hired, or if hired, that they automatically commit educational fraud. Which only goes o show that the surest way to guarantee that Communist scholars will lie is to make it impossible for hem to teach without lying. It seems to me highly questionable whether the injection of openly avowed, honestly defended Marxist-Leninist beliefs into one's teaching should be condemned—unless one wishes to censure Professor Hook if he injects his views about scientific inquiry into his teaching of philosophy.

Miss Davis does not hesitate to say she will introduce her own views into the classroom, when they are relevant. She also pledges to give students ample opportunity to discuss and debate those beliefs. Though she may not accept Hook's specific version of the canons of rational inquiry – neither do many other philosophers – she is committed to seek truth in accordance with the canons *she* has come to accept.

Whether Communist teachers generally practice educational fraud is a hard question to answer. My own experience suggests that when members of, say, the Administration in Washington come before a group of students and teachers, they are at least as likely to lie as Communists. That was their practice during the early days of the teach-in movement. We found that the best way to counteract that inclination to misrepresent was to expose the audience to other informed points of view. Presumably universities that give students access to many political viewpoints are doing what they should do. A heretical thought occurs: deceitful Communists may even give universities an incentive to educate better than they do.

Anyway, who knows for sure where deliberate deception leaves off and self-deception or unreason begins? For example, in an editorial, the Los Angeles *Times*, following the Hook line, argued that Communists were subjected to a ruthless discipline. As evidence, they cited the case of Dorothy Healy who had been fired from a Party post for having disagreed with its official support of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. In a letter to the editor, Mrs. Healy pointed out that she is still a member in good standing of the Party, that she continues to disagree with the Party's Czechoslovakian policy, and that any political party has the right to fire functionaries who reject basic policies. One wonders what might have happened to John Bailey had he publicly, or privately, announced that he opposed Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy.

A favorite argument of Miss Davis' adversaries is that, as a Communist, she does not believe in academic freedom. Did she not say that certain right-wing types ought to be barred from teaching? I have discussed this with Miss Davis. She would not in fact oppose hiring a fascist, provided he identified himself as such, and permitted free discussion in his classroom. But suppose Miss Davis *did* reject the prevailing conception of academic freedom, whatever that may be; would this justify firing her? How could it, when the very point of issue is whether someone ought to be denied a teaching position because of his beliefs? To fire her, on that basis, would be to violate any conception of academic freedom one claims to be defending. The relevant questions are: Does she conceal her belief? No. Does she defend it through reasoned argument? Yes. Does she permit her students to counter her views? Yes.

Now, if 40 percent or so of our college teachers repudiated the doctrine that a person's beliefs ought not, *per se*, to disqualify him from teaching, then academic freedom might have to be violated to save academic freedom. But this is where Justice Holmes' doctrine of clear and present danger applies. And if there is any clear and present danger to academic freedom, it comes not from Angela Davis and her Communists, but from Ronald Reagan and his Regents. Perhaps that is why UCLA's Academic Senate voted 552 to 4 to condemn the Regent's decision to fire her. That may also be why Chancellor Charles Young joined the opposition, saying, "I think [this Senate] should state very clearly what it means by academic freedom and its corollary, the prohibition of the application of political tests . . ." The entire faculty of the nine campuses of the University of California is in the process of declaring itself, and all signs indicate that a resolution rejecting the Regents' position will pass overwhelmingly.

This appearance of solidarity is, however, deceptive. The faculty is reliving yesterday's battles. Having long regretted the agonizing concessions made during the university's "Year of the Oath," the faculty has now been given a rare opportunity to repent past sins, which is relatively easy to do. It is when the faculty emerges from yesterday into the present that tension and conflict become visible. For one thing, the case of the young, black philosopher is a dramatic, but minor incident in a general move by Governor Reagan's forces to recast California's educational system in the mold that serves our "capitalistic, democratic society." An attack on faculty tenure will be made in the next session of the state legislature, according to one Assembly member. An effort is underway to recall Judge Pacht and one other judge because of their opinions in the Davis case. Reagan has proposed meeting budgetary problems by increasing teaching loads. Supt. Rafferty banned two books, including Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, from the public schools. And

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most recently the State Board of Education decided that the biblical account of the Creation had to be taught as an equally plausible alternative to the theory of evolution.

As important as these overtly repressive actions (and I have given only a sampling) is the fact that the poor, especially racial minorities, are finding that a well-publicized expansion of educational opportunities is becoming a thing of the past, almost before it has had time to make a significant difference in their lives. Qualified California students will be turned down, not only by prestige institutions, but probably by many state colleges. Given the Governor's concern for the affluent taxpayer, there is little prospect of reversing this trend during his administration. For the first time in its history, the University of California will almost certainly levy tuition fees next year. That these developments will, in combination, keep the proportion of *Chicano* and black enrollments low will not bring tears to the eyes of those who measure the quality of education in terms of hair length, noise level, and frequency of student complaints.

But Reagan, Rafferty, and those for whom they speak will not be with us forever. A greater danger lies elsewhere – not in blatant repression by right-wing forces, but in how their actions deflect attention from a more ominous peril.

We can now see how wrong it was to think that Governor Pat Brown's defeat and Reagan's victory would make it easier to radicalize people and humanize society. That argument, used by so many of California's Left, played right into the hands of great corporate powers that influence our lives in ways that are ever more subtle, pervasive and pernicious. Analysis of faculty tensions generated by the Davis case illustrates the extent to which the Reagan-Rafferty-led repression is providing a perfect screen for other efforts to tame rebellious youths, quiet faculty dissidents, conform minds to the needs of an increasingly technological, imperfect democracy. The effects are discernible.

Within the faculty there is a group who generally oppose any policies that might rock the university boat. "Look," they say, "if you don't ease your attacks on the university and its officials, if you don't respond to public demands even when they are unjustified, if you don't stop inciting students to demand quick action in the Davis case, if you don't avoid future appointments that might embarrass the university politically, then Reagan and his supporters will acquire the political power to destroy our institution. We have to pospone discussion of radical educational schemes and proposals. The time is not ripe for experiment. The university is not as good as it could be; but it's a damned sight better than it will be if Reagan and Rafferty get their hooks more deeply into it. The time has come to make university practices conform t society's expectations."

A second, more radical tendency within the facult community contrasts sharply with the first. Represer tatives of this position say, "If fear of Reaganism ob sesses us, we will squander real opportunities t improve our university. It's not enough to pass Senat resolutions and seek legal remedies; we have to be ware of self-censorship. For example, are we goin to back the philosophy department when it comes tim to reappoint Miss Davis to the second year she wa promised? If we retreat, then our most intelligent morally committed, and energetic students will fee betrayed, and rightly so. The greatest danger in a situ ation like this is not overt repression; it is the kinc of self-repression that paralyzes both will and reason and wastes opportunities for genuine educational pro gress. Let's convince people that Reagan's policies wil do great harm to California's children and to her economy. Let's fight hard for the educational integrity of our university."

The tension between these two groups expresses an important irony. Though both are generally committed to lawful action and democratic process, the more conservative view is rooted in cynicism about American democracy. The more radical group is readier to believe that publics can be won over. Between the two groups, a majority of UCLA faculty is uneasily poised. This majority is willing to consider serious educational experimentation, including expansion of student participation in many areas of university decision-making. They see the need to rethink the function of a university in modern industrial societies. At the same time, they fear the political and educational consequences of a bold stand. In a climate of Reaganism, they tend to be more fearful than hopeful. They are hard evidence that Reagan's election has made it more difficult, not easier, to "radicalize people and humanize society."

The university will be hurt more before the Angela Davis controversy has died down. Only Reagan's forces and the Communist Party have benefited from it so far. The Party, long the sick man of the American Left, has acquired a lovely and articulate star. New Left militants who regard the Party as having been co-opted into the System, view this development with considerable misgiving. Hence, UCLA's SDS chapter announced that it will not support Angela Davis in her fight because she is a bourgeois, not a working-class, black. That is true. It is likewise true that only well-established, bourgeois institutions like the judicial system, academic tenure, the Bill of Rights, and Jesse Unruh (who was the first major political figure to attack the Regents for their actions in the Davis case) are preventing the Reagan-Rafferty forces from "cleansing" California's schools of their "trouble-makers."

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Bone-Deep Truth

The full name of the group is the Laboratory Theater of the Institute of Actor's Research. It was founded in Opole, Poland – a town of sixty thousand – in 1959 by Jerzy Grotowski (then 26) and Ludwik Flaszen, who is the literary advisor. In 1965 the group moved to Wroclaw – a city of half a million – and in *The New Republic* of July 30, 1966, Andreas Freund reported from Paris about the group's performance there of *The Constant Prince.* Now the Polish Laboratory Theater, under Grotowski's direction and very much with his presence, has performed a season of three plays, including *The Constant Prince,* at a Greenwich Village church, sponsored by the Brooklyn Academy of Music. These three plays – together, more than as separate entities – were a major theatrical experience in my life, and this article is less a critique than an attempt to understand why.

Preliminary Matters. Many people, including me, were irritated by the handling of tickets and of spectators. Having finally got in to all three productions, I can now be Olympian and ask others who were less lucky to understand something that is fundamental to a Polish Lab performance. Grotowski has written of his theater: "Here the producer always keeps in mind that he has two 'ensembles' to direct: the actors and the spectators. The performance results from an integration of these two ensembles.'" For each production he changes the shape of the theater itself – the arrangement of seats in relation to setting and action (as described below). For each production, the seating capacity changes – diminishing, in fact: only forty were admitted to a performance of the last play. It is not Grotowski's fault, it is his stubborn virtue that more were not admitted. Freund reported that the Theatre de France shut its main entrance when the Polish Lab played there and admitted only 60 spectators through the stage door into a cordoned-off space. This is not Grotowski's trickery but his *method.* I don't know about Paris, but in New York this method was immediately taken as clever show biz or the snobbism of a smart restaurant. The color of the irritations, particularly in the face of the wholeness of the Grotowski enterprise, is largely a reflection of New York consumer-attitudes toward the theater.

Productions. First, *The Constant Prince,* taken from the play by Calderon. There are 100 spectators, arranged in two rectangular groups around a small rectangular arena, looking down on the actors. (This is intended to suggest a Roman circus or an operating theater.) In the arena there is only a wooden slab, at one end; there are two entrances diagonally opposite each other, though only one is used. Two spotlights at opposite ends are the only lighting. (These were the only lights for each production. Grotowski, who sits at the side during every performance, adjusted one light slightly during the performance that I saw of this first play.)

Calderon's verse drama, a work of genius, concerns a Spanish prince captured by Moors who refuses to be ransomed by the surrender of Spanish territory in Africa. In Calderon's typical "aria" style, it must run over three hours, and it has a large cast. Grotowski's version runs a bit less than an hour (every one of these three productions ran just that length) and has a cast of six. Is it Calderon's play? I read the original only after I saw the Polish production, and although Grotowski does not present anything like the fullness of Calderon's work, the images of his production, its temper, illuminated my reading.

Five of the actors (one of them a woman) are in black, the prince is in white, and he is soon stripped to a loincloth. A crown, a red cloth, an umbrella, a beret, are the props. The actors intone, whisper, keen, chant, pantomime, dance. (Martha Graham and Merce Cunningham are names frequently used in comment about this company.) Rituals are arranged, like a sequence in which each of the captors bites the prince's neck, afflicting him and being nourished by him. Yet characters and reality are not strict: it is a "play." When the captors are miming a struggle against the wind, it is the prince, prone on the slab after torture, who supplies the wind-effects with his voice. When the captors waltz in ecstasy, it is the prince's full-throated bellowing in three-quarter time to which they dance. (The prince is their principal actor, Ryszard Cieslak. I don't know whether he is even an "actor," in anything like the representational sense to which we are accustomed; but in his expressiveness of body, range of voice, and intensity of *union* of the physical and emotional, he is titanic.)

There were program notes, as there were for all the plays, outlining the principal sections. But in this play, language is no barrier. A Polish friend told me that he understood three words, two of which were "Kyrie eleison." Voices – wonderfully modulated and controlled – are used here as a medium of sound, not words.

The prince suffers agonies at the hands of his captors, triumphs, dies, and triumphs further. A few days later I saw a rehearsal of Beckett's *Endgame* elsewhere, and a line of Clov's threw a backward light on the prince: "I say to myself – sometimes, Clov, you must learn to suffer better than that if you want them to weary of punishing you – one day. I say to myself – sometimes, Clov, you must be there better than that if you want them to let you go – one day."

Acropolis. Ninety spectators. The setting is a jagged series of platforms in the middle of the large church floor. There are short double rows of seats for spectators – three or four in a row – fitted into the crevices of the platforms. (Some others were seated in the oval balcony of the church.) Over the platforms a wide-spaced network of cables. On the center platform a pile of sections of stove-pipe and a battered iron bathtub. Again the two spotlights at opposite sides.

The production is based on a play by Stanislaw Wyspianski, written in 1904, which takes place in Cracow on the eve of the Day of Resurrection. Statues and figures from a cathedral tapestry come to life, all personages from Homer and the Bible. The play, says the program, "is conceived as a total vision of the Mediterranean culture" and it closes with "the resurrection of Christ-Apollo."

Grotowski and Flaszen have shifted the scene to Auschwitz. Seven prisoners take an hour on the way to the ovens to slip in and out of Homeric

(Continued on page 37)

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Robert L. Heilbroner: Underdevelopment

Modernizing Peasant Societies by Guy Hunter

(Oxford University Press; $6.50)

The Soviet Model and Underdeveloped Countries by Charles K. Wilber

(University of North Carolina Press, $7.50)

The realities of underdevelopment continue to evade us. How could it be otherwise? There is little enough that we know about some aspects of life in our own country, much less the scarcely imaginable lives of people who stare at us from documentary television shows, squatting before a tiny fire of smouldering dung. Hence the problems and prospects of the underdeveloped countries continue to evade us as well. Enthusiastic programs, launched on page one, expire within a year or two on page 32. Marvels of scientific research – in birth control techniques, in new strains of grain or rice, in clever technologies of power – announced with pride by the foundations that have patiently developed them, disappear subsequently in the enveloping limbo of backwardness. Economic articles on the theory of development proliferate; the conditions of backwardness remain.

There are, I believe, two aspects of the enormous problem of underdevelopment that need clarification above all, and the two books at hand serve better than any that I have seen in a very long while to illume both. The first of these is the quality of peasant life itself, the nature of the human condition that is to be changed by economic development. In *Modernizing Peasant Societies*, Guy Hunter, who has worked in Pakistan, India, Thailand, Fiji, the West African states, gives us a worm's eye view of peasant existence that fairly smells of the paddy field, of village markets and meetings. As a guide to the profound conservatism of the peasant way of life – a conservatism that has its roots in the fierce determination to preserve existence, not to uphold a political ideology – Hunter is vivid, perceptive compassionate, and indispensable for understanding why the process of modernization is so bafflingly difficult. Let me quote him at some length on why education "fails":

> In the fully traditional world, certain skills – of growing traditional crops, of managing cattle, of fishing or hunting – are developed to the finest degree, by constant repetition, by minute observation, drawing on centuries of experience, though often clouded with superstition. Certain thoughts add concerns, endlessly repeated, develop in depth – concerns with lineage and relationships, with tiny alleviations of poverty, with a word or glance or gesture which convey character and intention. The peasant develops for nature and for human relations the supersensitivity which a blind man has for touch and sound. This is a deep but narrow scoring of the mind, compared with which schooling is a faint scratch, quickly worn away by life, never widened by the novelty and challenge of new situations or alien contacts . . . (p. 291)

Or again, his telling description of the ecological possibilities which permit human life at the very bottom of the scale to continue, like weeds in a stone wall:

> [E]ven in a system so near the edge or survival, there is still room for the very poor, by the most thrifty use of all its traditional elements. This is both another sign of its precarious balance and another reason why it is hard to change. Cow dung is used for fuel – the slow heat is just right for making curds – and for plastering walls and floors; a little milk from a starveling cow – there cannot be oxen without cows – makes a vast difference to diet, or perhaps a little cash by sale of ghee; how will a tractor replace the dung, the plaster and the milk? Weeds grow between the lines of grain – and are allowed to grow and are cut from time to time (not uprooted) to feed the cattle. Undigested grain is picked out from cattle-dung and eaten; rats, snakes, white ants, locusts – all may be sources of food. There is also, as there was in England, the reserve factor of the 'waste' – the jungle or the bush, or the odd piece of common land or the road verges where an animal may graze. There is a season for gathering wild honey . . .; there is a season for edible caterpillars, or white ants in the bush and they are worth having. (pp. 35-36)

It is not surprising that when life is lived on this level, change is feared and resisted, rather than welcomed:

> It is notorious that the varieties of crops grown in much of peasant farming are low yielding . . . Yet a higher-yielding variety, even when grown on a demonstration farm, may be refused. The native variety is known; food habits are adapted to it; in all but catastrophic drought it will give some yield, however poor. It is resistant to most local diseases, whereas the new variety may collapse altogether in a drought, be subject to new and unmanageable diseases, yield only

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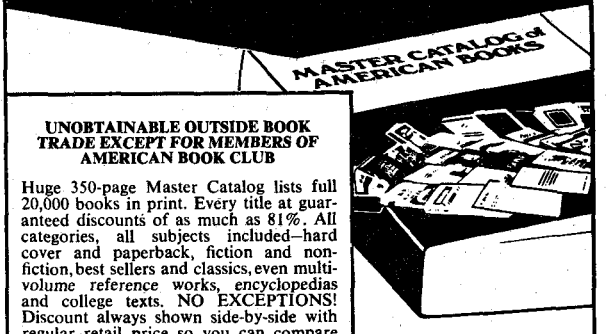

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with assured fertilizer and water (the demonstration plot will, of course, have all that is needed). Moreover, a man must borrow to buy the new seed and the fertilizer it needs. Failure will mean not only hunger but a cash debt. These are risks upon which livelihood may depend.

These quotes are enough, I trust, to establish the authenticity of tone with which Hunter speaks. And yet the purpose of this survey of Asian and African society is not to inculcate a sense of hopelessness before the unyielding inertia of peasant life. On the contrary, as Hunter takes us through his intimate examination of technical and institutional and agricultural problems, of administration and politics and education and economics, it is constantly change that we are interested in watching, rather than changelessness. But it is change on the small scale, change at the level of the defensive organic and incremental adjustments by which traditional societies react to the stimuli of an invading world. Indeed, if there is one lesson that Hunter preaches, it is the likely failure of an attempt to rush change beyond the pace and scope at which it can become incorporated into peasant life. "There are certainly many," he writes, "who believe that a total political revolution is necessary, to sweep away the entrenched landlord power, before peasant agriculture can be emancipated and developed. If we leave aside what may be the chief objection – the disorganization and bitterness of the process of revolution – there remains the problem of effectiveness in development terms. For, after the clean sweep, agriculture must still be organized; and the nature of the substituted method, which puzzles non-Communist countries, has also puzzled Communists."

Mr. Hunter's analysis and prescription arouse mixed feelings in me. On the one hand I sense an unparalleled grasp of the realities of peasant life; on the other hand, it seems to me that two other realities of underdevelopment, no less important in the total picture, have escaped his vision. One of these is the exceedingly short time within which some kind of breakthrough will have to be made in many of the underdeveloped areas, if massive famine and ensuing social collapse are not to become widespread. Hunter is well aware of the problem of population, but somehow the full magnitude of the pressure it exerts is not brought home to the reader. We are not told, for example, that the number of women in the underdeveloped world in the age brackets 18-32 – the most fertile ages – *will double within the next ten years*, bringing with it a terrific impetus to population growth. Nor are we made properly conscious of the unstoppable flow of landless peasants to the cities which are now growing at cancerous rates of ten and twelve percent a year. Calcutta, it has been estimated, will contain 30 to 60 million subhuman beings within our lifetimes.

All these factors enjoin a need for desperate haste that makes Mr. Hunter's incremental, organic program for modernization seem hopelessly slow. And then there is a second reality to which he has also not quite faced up squarely. This is the fact that one (and so far, only one) nation *has* made the transition from peasanthood to modernism, and has done it in a very great hurry, albeit at very great cost. That nation is, of course, the Soviet Union.

It is curious, after all these years, that to admit the success of the Soviet modernization effort should be a matter worthy of some note. Conservative economists still spend their time seeking to demonstrate that Russian growth rates are lower than their colleagues think they are; conservative economic historians take pleasure in demonstrating that Russian modernization would have taken place even without the Revolution, only perhaps faster. What Charles Wilber has done in his impressive *The Soviet Model and Underdeveloped Countries* is to set these criticisms into proper perspective simply by setting forth the best data we possess on the Russian experience in an admirably detached, objective and yet sympathetic way.

One irrefutable conclusion emerges. The Soviet effort was an incontrovertible success in terms of the development objectives now held by the backward nations – in terms, that is of turning a poor, unproductive, illiterate people into a modern industrial nation-state. Wilber makes his point most strikingly in regard to Central Asia, as the table on page 29, adapted from his book, dramatically illustrates:

The Wars in Sweden

The streets of Stockholm are churning with guerrillas.
Shouting fierce chants of war they vomit in doorways.
Blond Indians wear beaded bands across their brows;
Deerskin and fringe adorn them, cindery moccasins
Soften the icy sidewalks where they war dance,
Then regroup for a final assault on the spirit of Santa Claus.

All wars are concentrated here; this is a nerve center
Where revolutions communicate via satellite: Hanoi with Biafra.
Pigs of the Greek junta kick Chicago hippies in the groin,
Then amputate their hair while pronouncing sentence.
The citizen armies of Stockholm brandish tin cups
For the justified causes. At night on TV, all blood is grey.

In this sculptured city there are no monuments to war,
Only the stale air of moral victory. Forget you sold iron ore
To Hitler, while the Danish King wore a yellow arm-band reading, JUDEN,
And the bitter Finns won for weeks in the snows of Lake Ladoga.
Instead, you deplore America. How sorry you are for New York,
Her torn inhabitants, her labyrinthine racial tunnels!

Progressive film-directors offer ice-bound sanctuary
To our deserters, while exporting films that make intercourse boring,
Hoping, perhaps to cool off the West. Care-packages of snow
May be next, stamped in little molds of Chairman Mao.
Bestowing your winter purity on the world, poor Sweden!
Being the conscience of the white race isn't much fun.

CAROLYN KIZER

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Nonmonetary Indicators of Economic Development for Soviet Central Asia and Selected Underdeveloped Countries: Before and After Soviet Development

Country	Percent of adults literate	Percent of population in cities over 20,000	Percent of population in secondary and higher education	Electricity generation, kwh per capita	Physicians per 100,000
Soviet Central Asia					
"before" (1926-28)	16	9.3	.16	4	17.4
"after" (1960-62)	87	27.8	5.46	820	139.1
Colombia (1960-62)	62	22.4	1.88	259	41.3
India (1960-62)	24	11.9	2.34	51	17.4
Turkey (1960-62)	30	14.5	2.00	99	34.4

The evidence (and I have reproduced only a portion of it) is overwhelming. Soviet Central Asia has made a leap that would be the envy of any of the backward nations – a leap that has effectively cleared the hurdle of peasant inertia and brought a hitherto backward area into the ambit of modern life.

Three questions remain to be asked: (1) how great was the cost (2) how typical of backwardness was the Central Asian milieu, and (3) what was the Soviet technique? Now, Mr. Wilbur does not in any way minimize the cost, either in terms of the enormous wastefulness of some aspects of the Soviet program, especially its forced collectivization of livestock, or in terms of the brutality with which the transformation was made. In no sense whatsoever could he be called an "apologist" for Stalinist methods. Rather, he is interested in measuring these costs (which may have reached the horrible total of 5.5 million deaths) against the costs of non-development. And here the following table speaks for itself:

Countries grouped by per capita national income	*Infant Mortality* (average 1955-58)	*Life Expectancy* (average 1955-58)
over $1,000	24.9	70.6
$575-$1,000	41.9	67.7
$350-$575	56.8	65.4
$200-$350	97.2	57.4
$100-$200	131.1	50.0
less than $100	180.0	41.7

To which a few additional comments on the ubiquitous costs of growth might be added: As Wilber points out, the impetus for early American growth derived in large part from exports of cotton, picked by slaves; English industrial acceleration owed no small part of its momentum to the merciless repression of its working classes and to its ruthless exploitation of India. None of this, of course, erases one iota of the human suffering caused by Soviet excesses (which Wilber feels were not a necessary part of the Soviet "model"), but it makes us view that suffering against its proper setting, which is the enormous anguish that is the silent and unrecorded reality of every day of life in the backward world.

But the cost would be to no avail if the Soviet Asian paradigm were inapplicable to those countries that now must find a rapid solution to their problems. Wilber is aware of this question and attempts to solve it by means of a cross-country comparison of nonmonetary indicators of development, some of which we have already seen. He concludes that "Soviet Central Asia was an underdeveloped area, with the characteristics of underdeveloped countries today." It should be pointed out,

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however, that Wilber does not take into explicit account the absence of high population pressure against land in Central Asia. In all honesty, we do not know to what degree this absence of population pressure facilitated the Soviet drive, or to what extent the disastrous man/land ratios of much of Asia or Africa would lessen the effectiveness of the Soviet model applied in these areas.

But last, what is the Soviet "model"? The basic ingredients are clear enough. They are, first, severance of all ties with foreign dominant economic powers, so that the resources of the developing nation can be used solely for its own benefit and not for that of an imperial homeland. Second, redistribution of economic and political power from the hands of indifferent or incapable regimes into the hands of a revolutionary government, one of whose main objectives must be modernization at all costs. Third, the collectivization of agriculture and the nationalization of heavy industry – steps that are the necessary precursors to the use of these sectors as parts of an over-all plan for forced investment and growth. Fourth, an all-out effort to develop "human capital" by intensive educational and training efforts.

Wilber is far from doctrinaire in asserting that a slavish repetition of these steps will result in modernization for all backward areas. "No model," he writes, "is transferable complete and in detail. Each country must take into account its own resource base, factor proportions, and historical and cultural traditions when evaluating development strategies." Moreover he believes that a "halfway democratic socialist regime" could probably supply whatever compulsion was needed, and that an absence of Communist dogma might improve the chances for a successful adaptation of the Soviet techniques. All these exceptions, however, only *increase* the basic relevance of the lessons that "The Soviet model" holds out for the backward world.

I am not certain that Wilber's moderately optimistic conclusions are quite as solid as he makes them out to be. That is, I am not sure that it is possible to follow the Soviet model without falling into totalitarianism and brutality – wars carry their own excesses even wars against poverty. Nor am I sure that the Soviet model will yield successful results against the enormous obstacles of contemporary underdevelopment so tellingly described by Guy Hunter. Yet, in the end, I would go even further than Professor Wilber. For with all the risks, I do not see any alternative to following the Soviet model, if famine and the catastrophic consequences are not to become the dominant realities of much of the underdeveloped world within another decade or two.

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Arthur Mizener: English Men of Letters

The Rise and Fall of The Man of Letters by John Gross

(Macmillan; $8.95)

In the useful sense of the term – the sense that is illustrated by a Dryden or an Arnold – a man of letters is a humanist. There have been humanists around for at least five hundred years (Erasmus was born in 1466), and they have served Western Civilization to such purposes that it is difficult to conceive what it would have been without them. They have been our professionals of the unprofessional understanding, our guardians of the liberal imagination; and for the consciences of Western men, they have had more value (if less glamor) than poets or scientists, prophets or statesmen.

It would be fascinating to know more than we do about such men – about the qualities that define them, about what they have achieved and how they have done it; you cannot contemplate them for a minute without coming on puzzles. Erasmus, for instance, was a churchman, Dryden an official poet, Dr. Johnson one of those harmless drudges, a lexicographer, Arnold a school inspector, Trilling one of those even more harmless drudges, a professor. None of them was by any means a nominal member of his profession, but each of them was also something else at least as important and – in some cases – much more so. In the obvious ways they were very different kinds of men, yet they must have had some disposition in common that made it possible for them to lead the difficult and valuable second lives they all did lead. What was it?

But questions like this are not for Mr. Gross. His conception of his subject is fairly represented by his title, which is amusing enough in a way that will not stand examination: the comic pomposity of "rise and fall" and the amusing air of Edwardian frock coats and curly-brimmed silk hats about "men of letters" is deliberate but pointless; Mr. Gross does not think his subject or its heroes ridiculous. He never, in fact, de-

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fines what he means by "man of letters." Instead he describes the ways the career of the writer of essays and reviews, of whatever kind, varied during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries as a result of changing social conditions – the rise of the quarterlies during the Regency, the popularity of the sage in mid-Victorian times, the unusual literacy of the Liberal Party toward the end of the century, the invention of university departments of English in the nineties, the growth of little magazines and nuttiness (like Orage's devotion to Gurdjieff) in Edwardian times.

This history of literary journalism is interesting and Mr. Gross tells it entertainingly. He says that Walter Bagehot was a "master of the disposable aphorism," which is neat and true. He observes of Leslie Stephen's enactment of the humanist's perennial problem – how to keep a workable balance between imaginative insight and accurate knowledge – that "without [Stephen's example] we could scarcely have guessed how formidable a Gentleman in a Library could be." With bold bluntness he remarks of the Leavises that "what is galling . . . is not that they are altogether wrong, but that they give a cause which deserves a wider hearing a bad name through distortion, omission and strident overstatement."

In general he writes amusingly about minor figures like Andrew Lang and the Reverend George Gilfillan, but with major figures like Carlyle and Eliot he has time only for the concealing commonplace. Was Carlyle not a proto-fascist? Was Quiller-Couch not right that brute force is "the dirty trump card ever up dogma's sleeve" in Eliot's Tradition? Questions like these distract us from the real meaning of such writers by their distorting emphasis on the practical political aspects of their thought. From *The Praise of Folly* to Orwell's *Critical Essays* the humanists' critiques of the tyrannical political creeds of their times have been a liberating force; but no one has ever supposed that humanists are effective practical politicians or even very wise political theorists. The historian who devotes most of his discussion of Matthew Arnold to Arnold's dislike of trade-unionism, his "not so subtle slurs on the Populace," and the snobbishness of his disliking the name Wragg is indulging his personal prejudices very freely.

A serious attempt to define the gen-

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uine man of letters as the practitioner of a difficult and valuable way of life would not only have been interesting in itself; it would have given Mr. Gross a criterion for selecting writers to discuss and the aspects of their work to emphasize. As it is, he is guided by little more than his own sense of the entertaining. As a result a good many obscure, though amusing, characters come in who are not, even in the broadest sense, men of letters – Grub-Street hacks like William Maginn, the Squire Western of Regency journalism, "apostles of Self-Help" like George Lillie Craik of The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and maladjusted dons like Sir Walter Raleigh. A great many minor figures are dealt with and a great many major ones ignored. Perhaps men like R. H. Hutton and Frederic Harrison, Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson were – however insignificantly – men of letters. But it is hard to see the reason for filling a book with accounts of them and ignoring men like James and Shaw, Pater and Wells, or to explain why we hear at length about Orage and his *New Age* and not at all about Ford Madox Ford and his infinitely superior *English Review*. When Mr. Gross comes to the twentieth century, this whimsical and meaningless method of selection is reenforced by his firm exclusion of anyone not one-hundred percent British. "In any event," he remarks casually of Empson and Richards, "at the beginning of the 1930's Empson took himself off to the Far East and Richards . . . went to America" – into the Stygian darkness where dwell Wilson and Trilling, Tate and Ransom.

The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters ought to have been a fascinating book; it has a wonderful subject. The book Mr. Gross has written, however, is a collection of personal essays on "nineteenth-century critics and reviewers I have found entertaining."

We don't have a Sherman Tank; in Alabama

And for that matter...

we don't have the National Guard at our disposal. The Governor has both. In August the black community of Pickens County was marching to demand their schools be heated in winter time. The Governor sent in the National Guard and they brought their tank.

What could a two man...

staff of the Selma Project do to support the people of Pickens County? Well, we took our law books over there and discussed with them the $387,000.00 spent annually by the Board of Education under its Title I program. Part of that money helped set up a white, retired colonel to teach high school ROTC. Nobody asked the poor people what they wanted to do with the money, H.E.W. regulations notwithstanding.

We also work in Greene County...

-the only black controlled county in Alabama. But we need some help. We need two full time field workers and another attorney. Money for good causes is tight all over. People say the McCarthy campaign used it all up. Maybe the South is kind of dated. But the hard work down here goes on and on. So why don't you send the Selma Project $25.00 or $50.00

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Louis Coxe: Money in Art

Twelve Years of Christmas
by Rod McKuen
(Cheval Books; $3.50)

In Someone's Shadow
by Rod McKuen
(Cheval Books; $3.95)

And you can get the latter – "signed, slipcased edition" – for ten bucks.

Who reads it? That inevitably must be the question. The answer seems to be, practically everybody who doesn't read and almost no one who does. The other question is: What are these poems for? They are poems to screw by, for one thing, and to masturbate to, one gathers from internal evidence on p. 45 of *In Someone's Shadow*. Let no one deceive himself: Mr. McKuen is no dope and knows very well what he is doing: i.e., weeping nostalgically all the way to the bank or the broker's. The poetry is a curious mixture of pop and conventional in diction, metric and imagery, and the effect of single poems as well as of a batch taken together reminds a little of the Beatles, of *This Is My Beloved*, '20s camp, tin pan alley.

The poems are frequently in straight iambics with a periodic truncation of the full line; that is, the poem will have three or four lines of iambic tetrameter, then one or two lines varied from the norm. Rhyme crops up at random, usually in the "light-night" or "seame" vein; but for the most part the poems have a look of rather deliberate "spontanuity" as Sam Goldwyn would say. And that I think accounts for the popularity and sales: people who ordinarily read scarcely at all can fall in and out of this poetry with no damage done and nothing taken away. The poems make no demands. Ask no questions and you'll be told no truth. What Mr. McKuen guarantees is that a certain California sexual daydreaming can be yours for the asking, even if you do move your lips rapidly as you read. There is some considerable artistry involved in achieving the effect. Mr. McKuen is a song-writer and when he turns to writing poems for print he uses the techniques of the song-writer, most notable of which is to keep the reader's – one is tempted to say spectator's – attention, so to speak, on something other than the words. Since he has no music to attract that attention, he must depend on a kind of background noise of received attitudes and, as we say, "lifestyles" to round out the work and make the reader feel that he is undergoing an experience. The poems look on the page much more like conventional modern poems

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han most contemporary work. They very rarely employ obscenities, describe sexual acts, or attempt shock. Where they make their biggest appeal is in the emphasis on love.

Commercial-popular songs have always lived on love and Mr. McKuen's poetry battens on it. Curiously, in this regard as in some aspects of his technique, he closely resembles certain poets of the Deep Image school, like Robert Creeley, though of course his aims and achievements are far less subtle. But no one can fail to observe how love, both the word and the emotion, spills all over the pages, until in fact neither has meaning any more. Very much in the "make love not war" style and as such both chic and faintly hip. We have poems dedicated to Joan Baez and to Frank Sinatra, which just about takes in your California love spectrum sexwise for the aging hip set. Free spirits all, and rich, too, which only shows what one has always known in the U. S. of A.: there's money in art if you can find the handle. Mr. McKuen has found it, all right. With an electric motor.

Correspondence

Heller Defense

Sirs:

Walter Heller's performance in and out of public office apparently needs no defense anywhere except in *The New Republic,* which thought it worthwhile to publish Edward S. Herman's gratuitous letter perverting Heller's record on public expenditures and tax reform (December 6, 1969).

The fact of the matter is that Walter Heller has always fought hard, and effectively, for urgent public programs at all levels of government. The fact is also that he has been in the forefront of the struggle for tax reform throughout his professional career – in the professional journals, in public speeches, in appearances before congressional and state legislative committees, as an employee and consultant to the Treasury Department, and as Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

Just to set the record straight:

1. Walter Heller and his CEA colleagues actively supported higher expenditures for domestic programs before, during, and after the 1964 tax cut. Contrary to the impression left in the Herman letter, federal civilian expenditures rose more rapidly when they were in office than in any other period in American history. That expenditures did not rise even more rapidly is attributable to the conservative influence of others in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations and to Congress.

2. Walter Heller was the first to raise the issue (in mid-1963) of what our national goal should be after full employment was reached. He then persuaded President Kennedy and later President Johnson to launch a major attack on poverty.

3. Walter Heller – along with other "pragmatic liberals" in the White House – helped persuade President Johnson shortly after he assumed office, to prevent a reduction in the 25 percent capital gains tax which had been included in the House version of the Revenue Act of 1964. He has publicly supported and fought for higher minimum deductions for the poor, lower tax rates in the bottom tax brackets, reduced reliance on regressive state-local taxes, a minimum tax on those who have tax-sheltered income, and many other urgently needed reforms. Heller also deserves much of the credit for the fact that the 1962-64 tax cuts were *not* regressive, despite Herman's assertions to the contrary.

4. No reasonable reader can interpret the following statement, which Herman quotes, as suggesting that Heller is in favor of growth as a substitute for income redistribution and reform: "Where the cost of fulfilling a people's aspirations can be met out a growing horn of plenty – instead of robbing Peter to pay Paul – idealogical roadblocks melt away, and consensus replaces conflict." In this passage, Heller is talking about the relationship between the public and private sector and makes the correct point that it is easier to satisfy public needs out of growth than out of higher tax rates.

The mere publication of Herman's distortions suggests that *The New Republic* relishes this kind of character assassination. But why? I can only conclude that you are less interested in truth than in provocation, even if it is at the cost of slandering progressive leaders who have made significant contributions to the national welfare.

Joseph A. Pechman
Bethesda, Md.

Peace Politics

Sirs:

In their brief article "From the Streets to the Polls," (December 6, 1969), political scientists James Barber and David Mayhew propose a peace campaign directed at the 1970 congressional elections. Indeed we do have a responsibility to try politics – but we *have* been trying politics. Or are the peace marches apolitical? "The next step for the peace movement is from the streets to the polls," is the oblique answer. Have the marches – and petitions and draft resistance, and earlier, the teach-ins – accomplished nothing beyond giving evidence of antiwar opinion? The authors omit to say whether they have. . . .

That this present task of the peace movement is best accomplished by *substituting* the polls for the streets rather than *combining* the two is, to put it mildly, not obvious. If no one had marched, if no other public protests had occurred – would there have been a McCarthy campaign? Would there have been a Goodell Resolution? While one cannot be certain of the answers to these questions, a good case for a positive contribution by the in-the-streets movement can be made. . . . To propose transferring peace energies to one institution – Congress – through one mode of action – primary campaigning – is an abdication of the responsibilities of the movement, and must spring from an emotional love of the congressional arena or a myth about the absence of a corporate-executive power elite.

When the "alternative to politics is acquiescence in killing and dying," then uncertainty of success – which the authors admit clouds *their* strategy – can be no excuse for dropping *any* potentially effective line of political action.

David Nicols
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

The excellent article by Barber and Mayhew omits one fairly new orga-

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nization which, while not trying to move "From the Streets to the Polls" is at least trying to move disenfranchised Southern poor black and white people from the sharecropper's shack to the courthouse.

The organization is the Southern Elections Fund, a nonpartisan, independent political funding group whose board – and dispersing agency – includes Hon. Shirley Chisholm, Hon. John Conyers, Dr. John Cashin, attorney Charles Morgan, Dr. Channing Phillips, and myself.

The fund's purpose is to help finance the campaigns of those Southern candidates for public office who meet the qualifications set by the Board. To date, we have aided successful candidacies in Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina. We have supported losing – but worthwhile – candidates in Tennessee, Virginia, and Texas.

We have chosen to concentrate largely on non-urban campaigns, and on campaigns below the Congressional level. This means, of course, that we are involved with funding candidates who may spend less than $500 in a victorious race, and where the Fund's contribution may mean the difference between victory and defeat.

New Republic readers who wish to learn more about the Southern Elections Fund can send inquiries to the Southern Elections Fund, Inc., Freedom National Bank, New York, N.Y.

Julian Bond
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

I applaud, and vigorously second, the article "From the Streets to the Polls." One must begin now to elect a "Peace Congress" in 1970, and I write to add just one more wrinkle to this plea. I suggest a "Peace Draft," an appeal to 100, 150 or 200 prominent citizens who would be willing to "retire" from their business or professions for the space of two years – the time of a draftee's term of service – and volunteer to run and serve as Peace Congressmen. We need prominent people, for as anyone in peace politics knows, time and money are what we have little of, and a well-known and respected name is worth thousands of dollars of advertising and hundreds of hours of campaign staff work. Such persons should probably *not* be politicians, for the most part, nor academics, since they must not even appear to be merely ambitious or spoilsports; they should be businessmen, bankers, philanthropists, entertainers, sports figures, journalists, and especially clergymen and physicians. They can make a credible case for the proposition that they are running for only one term, and for one purpose, to end the war; for this purpose two things are necessary: the grip of the dead past must be broken on the committees of the House, and appropriations bills must be held up to force a military pull-out.

Douglas J. Stewart
Newtonville, Mass.

Sirs:

Have all of you guys been wrapped in cotton batting and anesthetized for the last five years? What results can you point to, on any level, from voting in any election in that period? We got rid of Johnson? for whom? There are only 9.2 percent freshmen in Congress this session? How does that reflect the "kind of volunteer effort we saw in New Hampshire, Oregon, Wisconsin and California in 1968"? The war has become an outrage competing with the extermination camps in Germany, and my own neighbors tell me "well, that's war"! Both Johnson and Nixon were elected on the promise and premise that they would stop the war as a first priority! Do you still believe that? Any American at this stage of history who justifies a continuation of the "democratic" system of legitimating murderous councils of war criminals and calling them Congresses should be prosecuted with them. I have hopes, admittedly no more reasonable than the irrational faith of you ritual electionists, that every one of those Congressmen will soon stand right along with their hired and impressed thugs in the military at the bar of an international court of criminal justice and the guilty among them hanged.

Paul K. Hartley
Camillus, New York

Sirs:

It is a pleasure to come across a realistic, knowledgeable article like "From the Streets to the Polls." It would have been better, though, if the authors had strongly emphasized the importance that political action in 1970 could have in shaping the Presidential contest of 1972.

Many disappointed young McCarthy supporters are losing interest in electoral politics now, because they feel that electing a few Democratic congressmen here and there is not going to make the Administration change its policies. They should be made to realize that an effort to win the Presidential nomination is more likely to succeed if the groundwork is laid during the off-year elections – as the Goldwater movement demonstrated.

Whether the Democratic party issues a serious challenge to Nixon in 1972 or nominates Hubert Humphrey again may well depend on the extent to

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER *is an economist at the New School for Social Research.* ARTHUR MIZENER *teaches at Cornell University.* LOUIS COXE *is Pierce Professor of English at Bowdoin College.* CAROLYN KIZER *is now a member of the English faculty at the University of North Carolina.* ERNEST KROLL, *author of several volumes of verse, works for the State Department.*

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vhich antiwar dissidents are able to nake their influence felt within the ›arty organization, by getting on local :ommittees and by helping to nomi-nate and elect governors and other ›fficials who will support their views. It would be good if you could find ;omeone to write an article on the ;ubject.

Robert Banville
Chevy Chase, Md.

TV Regulation

Sirs:

Our exchange of views on broadcasting regulations (December 6, 1969) brings out that the differences between Commissioner Johnson and myself are not so great as the rhetoric would suggest. Originally, as appears from his opinion in the WHDH case, he seemed to espouse the doctrine that every three years a licensee must compete with new applicants on a relatively equal basis. Now he buttresses his present position – the character of which is not so clear as it might be – with the assertion that "for all the talk the FCC has yet to transfer a single license from a broadcaster to a protesting group because of poor programming performance" and "the Commission has repeatedly made clear its unanimous position that it will not second-guess its licensees programming content."

Commissioner Johnson of course is having it both ways. It is precisely this performance by the Commission that he criticizes elsewhere in his article. But when I say that it is not feasible to make a broadcaster "run" like a political candidate every three years, he points to the Commission's past practice to allay fears. In sum, I take it that he concedes that it will continue to be, as it has been in the past, unacceptable really to put stations "up for grabs" every three years.

What then is the function of a so-called "comparative hearing" – a hearing in which the licensee is compared with one or more newcomers who promise more? Commissioner Johnson never quite says. But I suppose it is to frighten the licensee into being a better boy. "Let's say," he conceded, "that [the broadcasters] believe that

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during the hearing their performance will be measured against standards that have never been articulated" – as indeed they have not been. He reassures the licensees that "even if the FCC were to take away two or three licenses a year, we would still be providing rubber stamp renewals to 99.9 percent of the stations." Thus he seems to throw out most of his case. The upshot of his statement is that the comparative hearing or *the threat of it* is either an occasional application of subjective standards by government officials or an empty charade.

Why not, rather, formulate what standards we can? Both of us agree that this can be done in some areas. A licensee who fails to live up to them would lose his license. This will give protestants the opportunity to present their case against the licensee. This is in essence the Pastore proposal and has been, as Commissioner Johnson concedes, the Commission's practice. If this is as clearly agreed as he asserts, there is probably no need of the Pastore bill. It would then be a decent resolution of the conflict to rely on the status quo ante.

Commissioner Johnson tells us that in other countries the government either operates or controls broadcasting. This is to prove what surely no one disputes, that broadcasting has great public significance. But beyond that it has little relevance to our system. We have relied on private development and encouraged private investment. If we are going to change the system we must give adequate notice to enable an orderly withdrawal of capital. Nor do I concur completely with Commissioner Johnson's implication that foreign broadcasting systems are notably superior. It is my casual impression that some of them are culturally superior, but that probably none of them is as free from political control nor as free in its criticism of government. A German student of mine has told me that he would gladly exchange all the high culture of German broadcasting for the political freedom of the American system. It never ceases to amaze me how little value the critics put – and seemingly Agnew's attack has not shaken them – on that freedom.

Louis L. Jaffe
Cambridge, Mass.

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Sirs:

I have read with interest the opposing views on government regulation of TV broadcating. I would suggest that both articles admit one very important point: that the federal government severely restricts TV reception in large areas of the country by limiting licenses. It is impossible for viewers to weigh the quality of programing when they are able to receive only one TV channel. Only in the densely populated metropolitan areas does one have a choice of the complete range of network and educational television programing.

I live, not in the remote mountain hinterland of this country, but in megalopolis, 125 miles from New York City, 80 miles from Boston, 30 miles from Hartford, 30 miles from Providence. Yet even with the most elaborate and expensive antenna installation I can receive only one TV station, Channel 3 from Hartford, and that in black and white only. This situation prevails throughout this entire area. Two miles from where I live, on top of the highest hills in Eastern Connecticut, it is possible to receive, but only with elaborate antenna equipment, programing from Providence and sometimes from

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New Bedford, but reception from these areas, though watchable, is far from topnotch.

TV viewers are, I believe, quite selective in their choice of programs when they have alternatives available. But when many viewers are captives of one or two stations and cannot receive the full range of network programing, not to mention competitive local programing, they are hardly in a position to judge the quality of TV programing. I would suggest, then, that the government agencies and Congress turn their attention to the problem of making it possible for everyone in the country to receive, with an average outlay for equipment, the entire range of network programing and at least one ETV outlet. Having accomplished that they can turn their attention to providing at least some competition in local news programing within a state.

Patricia Stuart
Storrs, Conn.

Kauffmann, *from page 25*

and Biblical characters, summing up the roots of Western culture on their way to incineration, not resurrection. As the six men and one woman play their little episodes, they hang up the stove-pipe on the cables (building their own oven), they work with a heavy wheelbarrow, one of them occasionally picks up a fiddle and plays sentimental tunes, including "Thine Is My Heart Alone." (Banal music figures in all the plays.) All of them wear patched burlap tunics and brimless black hats. Their legs are bare, and they wear heavy workman's shoes, on which they sometimes perch tiptoe. Much of the time they move squint-eyed, as if blind. They work in balletic spurts, they sing and orate and chatter and mourn. Language seems more important here than in *The Constant Prince;* at least such names as Jacob and Priam and Helen of Troy are easily recognizable.

At the end the oven has been symbolically constructed, and the central platform is bare. They lift a trapdoor and descend into that platform. The last one in is the woman who pulls the door closed after her.

The audience leaves.

Apocalypsis cum Figuris. Forty spectators. The large church floor is bare. Benches are ranged along two walls for the audience. The same two spotlights, only this time they are next to each other, resting directly on the floor, casting shadows upward. Before the forty spectators are admitted, the lights are dimmed in the foyer where they wait, so that their eyes are attuned to the lighting inside. When they enter, they find six actors lying on the floor, five men and a woman. One of them (Cieslak) is in a black gown; five are in white modern clothes of various kinds. (This was the first time that, on entering, I felt a sense of Off-Off-Broadway cliché. For me the production had to overcome that feeling and fight its way to freshness; it soon did.)

Apocalypsis "was evolved by its performers under the guidance of the director by means of acting exercises and sketches." Words were improvised as needed, and later when the framework was ready, literary material was found to replace the stop-gap words – selections from the Bible and *The Brothers Karamazov* (the Grand Inquisitor), bits of T. S. Eliot and Simone Weil. This time the language seems really germane, because all the important passages were translated for the program, which the audience was asked to read beforehand. I lost track of them in the course of the play, but the general flow is clear. The characters have Gospel names – Simon Peter, Judas, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, John. Jesus is called the Simpleton. The program says that in Polish this name "suggests certain associations: an innocent, gullible half-wit, living outside the accepted conventions, gawkish, often deformed, but in mysterious communion with the supernatural. The demoniac and the village idiot are familiar figures in Slav tradition."

This is a free-flowing modern allegory of the Crucifixion, with the others putting their sins on and venting their angers on the Simpleton-Christ, with (again) some ritual eating of the hero's body and some banal tunes, and the symbolic use of a loaf of bread. There is some broad sexual pantomime and some grossness, presumably to interweave the presence of the brutal peasantry. About halfway through, the spotlights go out, and an actor brings in lighted candles. At the end, after this very earthy Christ has whipped the moneychangers from the temple and has been crucified, the last

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remaining actor puts out the last candle.

Style and Sources. Grotowski is the author and subject of a collection of articles and interviews (and acting exercises) called *Towards a Poor Theater* (now available from Simon & Schuster). He is using "poor" in the religious sense, a stripping-off of rich trappings to discover internal richness. In it he describes his basic motive as a search for a *via negativa,* an attempt to define by negation, to eliminate everything that film and television can do, to find out whether anything remains that the theater alone can do – as a justification for its continued existence. A coincidence helped to show me that he has succeeded in finding those singular theatrical essences.

In 1968 the Public Broadcasting Laboratory filmed *Acropolis* in London and then broadcast the film over NET. The film was made intelligently and sympathetically, and Grotowski himself came to New York to help edit it. The result, for me who had read so much about the Polish Lab and had hoped so high, was painful; I got some data, not much more. The difference between the theater performance of *Acropolis* and the PBL film was the difference between an event and the report of an event. Every film aesthetician since Vachel Lindsay has been concerned with the differences between – not the hierarchies of – film and theater; here the event was so utterly theatrical that film was utterly irrelevant. To sit *amidst* those Polish actors at *Acropolis,* to choose where to look, to see them setting down the wheelbarrow an inch from my foot and find myself not flinching because I had *confidence* in them, a knowledge that they knew I was there and were doing it all for me and the same time that they didn't care whether I was there or not – all this seemed to certify Grotowski's "negative way." It was not merely the patent fact of their and my physical presence, it was a sense of not being acted *on* but of collaboration. A thousand light-years away from the Living Theater's childish "participatory theater" and self-indulgence and adolescent anarchy, this intensely disciplined company had made me a member of one of their "two ensembles."

Grotowski writes of his sources:

> . . . We consider the personal and scenic technique of the actor as the core of theater art. It is difficult to speak of the exact sources of this approach, but I can speak of its tradition. I was brought up on Stanislavski; his persistent study, his systematic renewal of the methods of observation, and his dialectical relationship to his own earlier work make him my personal ideal. Stanislavski asked the key methodological questions. Our solutions, however, differ widely from his – sometimes we reach opposite conclusions.

There are also, it would seem, some other roots. Artaud is one – at least in the sense that he, too, was searching for a *via negativa,* for absolutely prime, "ancient" sources. (In one of the lectures that Grotowski gave while his company was in New York, he said that he went to an art gallery in London which was showing "packages" and "objects," and he thought that the plush rope to keep visitors back was one of the exhibits. In contrast to this avant-gardism – with which in general he is fallaciously linked – he cited the work of Henry Moore, which, he said, is so modern that it is ancient. "It is difficult to think who created his work." This goal of the "ancient" is clearly an aim of Grotowski's, as it was of Artaud's.) Some Asian dance and theater have plainly contributed to this theater. But a central concept seems to me to come from Meyerhold. In *Meyerhold on Theater* (recently published by Hill and Wang), he writes of two distinct theatrical approaches. The first is the concept of the triangle: author and actor at base angles, the director at the apex and the spectator behind him, getting the play through the director. Meyerhold prefers the "Theater of the Straight Line," which runs from author to director to actor to spectator:

> The director, having absorbed the author's conception, conveys his own creation (now a blend of the author and the director) to the actor. The actor, having assimilated

The Flood

"All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died"

When God chose water
To blot out
Man, beast,
Bird, and
Creeping thing,
He kept perforce
From that doomed list
The fish.
No thundered plan,
No rationale,
For this –
Implicit or,
Perhaps,
The primitive
First lapse,
In which the Godhead
Nodded,
Weary of
Genesis.

ERNEST KROLL

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the author's conception via the director, stands face to face with the spectator (with director and author behind him) and *freely* reveals his soul to him, thus intensifying the fundamental theatrical relationship of performer and spectator.

(It is worth noting that in 1915 Meyerhold did a production of *The Constant Prince.*)

There are some paradoxes. This theater, interested in the clarity of self and supreme subjectivity, a theater that would have shocked Lenin and disturbed Brecht, is supported by a Communist state. Also, it is an elitist theater – in two senses. It cannot be a people's theater because of the limited number at each performance. It cannot be popular because only an art-experienced spectator can respond to it. At that lecture, when Grotowski was asked about the theater's serving others, he replied, in effect, "The theater is not the practice of medicine. Why always this concern about doing for others? Do for yourself. The theater is a place where some people reveal themselves to others. Either those selves must be worth revealing, or the theater is nothing." Communist countries often permit fluctuations from didactic art and social realism, but usually, as with some Polish and Czech films, it is within "safe" limits. The stark interiorism of the Polish Lab is extraordinary in the current east European cultural landscape.

Effect. I cried at the film of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips;* I did not cry at *Acropolis.* Nor was I exalted, as I was at the three performances of Olivier's *Oepidus* that I saw in 1946. I was more emotionally involved at *Acropolis* than at the other two plays, but I know that this was because of the word "Auschwitz," because the actors may have had relatives who died there, and *because Poles themselves often have been oppressors.* But all three of these productions, in net effect, were simply placed in front of me. No one was out to "get" me. Something was being shown. Only later did I come to "feel" something about them: suffering as language (*The Constant Prince*), human history strangling and consuming itself (*Acropolis*), religion certifying—and becoming the mundane (*Apocalypse*).

I was reminded of the novelist Jerzy Kosinki, Polish-born, whose early life has many (presumable) parallels with the lives of these people. Kosinki's first novel, *The Painted Bird,* was a terrible and moving account of a homeless, persecuted child in eastern Europe during World War Two. His second novel *Steps* (which I reviewed here, Oct. 26, 1968) disappointed some admirers of the first book who wanted to cry some more over the persecutions. For me, what happened in *Steps* is analogous to what has happened in the Polish Lab, a refusal to play the old game of heart-tug, no matter how wonderfully it has been played in the past, a refusal to rely on the traditional acceptances of a world that produced the horrors, in order to make you cry about those horrors. Kosinki has published a brochure about the writing of *Steps* which he calls *The Art of the Self* (a

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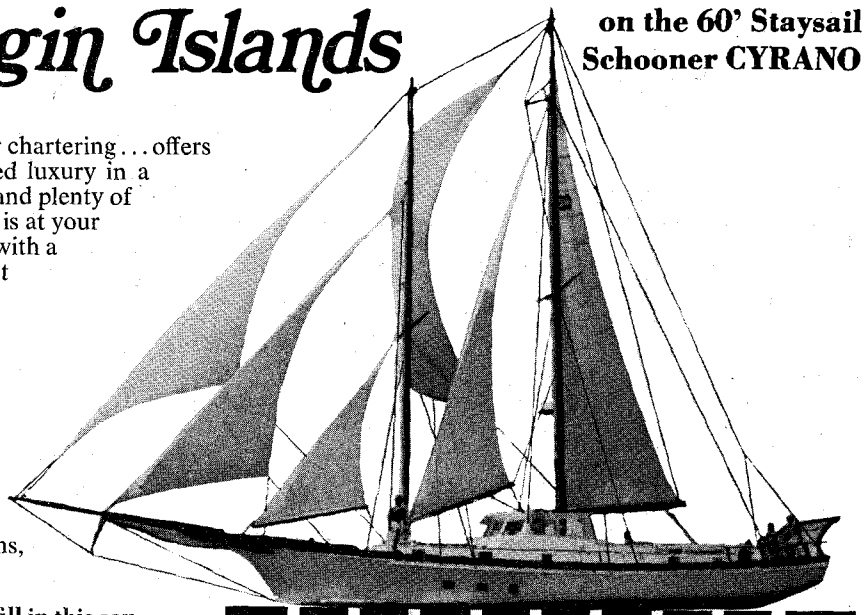

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titie that is stunningly relevant to Grotowski), in which he says:

> The reader may perceive the work in a form of his own devising, automatically filling in its own loose construction with his own formulated experiences and fantasies . . . This reception runs counter to that of the conventional contemporary melodrama which gains its effects from predetermined emotional group responses.

Similarly, Grotowski's actors simply place crystals before us, reductions, moment by moment, episode by episode. We may make our own connections, or not. We are in charge of ourselves; they are in charge of themselves. There is no attempt at seduction. They present their credentials, and leave the rest to us. All that we can be absolutely sure of as it goes along – to quote *Endgame* again – is that "something is taking its course." Something that is still alive and breathing after descents into profound depths.

Point. T. S. Eliot says somewhere that a writer writes for himself or for one other or for God. The last two alternatives have been eliminated by many modern artists. Much of the result is so non-lingual, so fragmented, that it is hermetic and solipsist; one can at best recognize its sincerity and move on. Grotowski is an exception. His self (figuratively) is all he will work with, the actor's self is all that he wants the actor finally to know. But he recognizes that if art is to provide order in chaos, then it must itself have order; if the self is to be explored in anything more than self-aggrandizement or varieties of masturbation, then the ability to *realize* what one has found is essential. Grotowski turns inward; but with such stern consecrative technique that he makes it possible for others – us – to follow. (Possible, not obligatory.) The rejection of old modes does not result in no mode.

Any comment on the relation of his theater to literature – whether it is "anti-literary" or is fed by the language they speak – can be made only by someone who knows Polish.

I don't think that Grotowski – or any other man or group – is "the" theater of the future. I don't even think it likely that his visit here will bear much real fruit in our theater – unless others are stimulated to find their *own* ways. (An American actress who has studied with Grotowski told me that, when a student leaves, Grotowski says to him, "Now go home and destroy me.") I don't think it probable that the total commitment in his company's life is likely in the Western world outside a Communist country. (An irony to add to the ones mentioned earlier.) Only in some of the dance and drama of the East can one find parallels with this company, which rehearsed its latest production, *Apocalypsis*, 400 times before they presented it. (And they were a unified company when they began rehearsing!) What has that to do with the random and dispersed efforts that produce most of our theater, on or off Broadway?

There is still another reason why this company is unlikely to produce any real fruit in this country. American art has shown little ability to take the full measure of tragedy, of the American fate, to confront and acknowledge the past and present without either moralistic self-justification or mere self-flagellation. All these Grotowski productions are rooted deep in the history of Poland and of Poland in the world. Where is the American theater that – just for an instance – can really face the truth and implications of Song My? Where is the American Cieslak to exult in the anguished innocent-guilty song of a Lieutenant Calley? The journalist John Osborne wrote here a few weeks ago that, when he was in a Vietnamese village three years back, he saw a villager running to warn the Vietcong of the Americans' presence, and he confesses that he thought that "somebody ought to shoot the goddamned gook." Where is the American theater company to embrace the whole truth of that statement, to hold it out steadily before us?

Nothing less than the ability to confront bone-deep truth interests Grotowski. He is in a third way an elitist – in the theater world – caring only about a theater that is totally committed. He says repeatedly, "Why must the theater continue? What would be the difference if it disappeared? Either it is important, or it is nothing. If it cannot be important for me, I will do something else."

Finally, I think that this is what I am left with: his productions were *totally* important to those concerned with them. And their commitment involved me. Beyond that, not much certainty, except that – certainly – "something is taking its course."

Personals

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PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's lifelong friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality ...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary ...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing ...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package ...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of AVANT-GARDE announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed AVANT-GARDE as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of AVANT-GARDE have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of AVANT-GARDE—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of AVANT-GARDE will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of AVANT-GARDE are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of AVANT-GARDE will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—*free*—as a gift to all new subscribers to AVANT-GARDE.

In case you've never heard of AVANT-GARDE, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from AVANT-GARDE's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. AVANT-GARDE steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to AVANT-GARDE their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. AVANT-GARDE serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." AVANT-GARDE is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to AVANT-GARDE include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Dr. Karl Menninger, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over AVANT-GARDE. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! AVANT-GARDE has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "AVANT-GARDE is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "AVANT-GARDE is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "AVANT-GARDE's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "AVANT-GARDE is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

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